

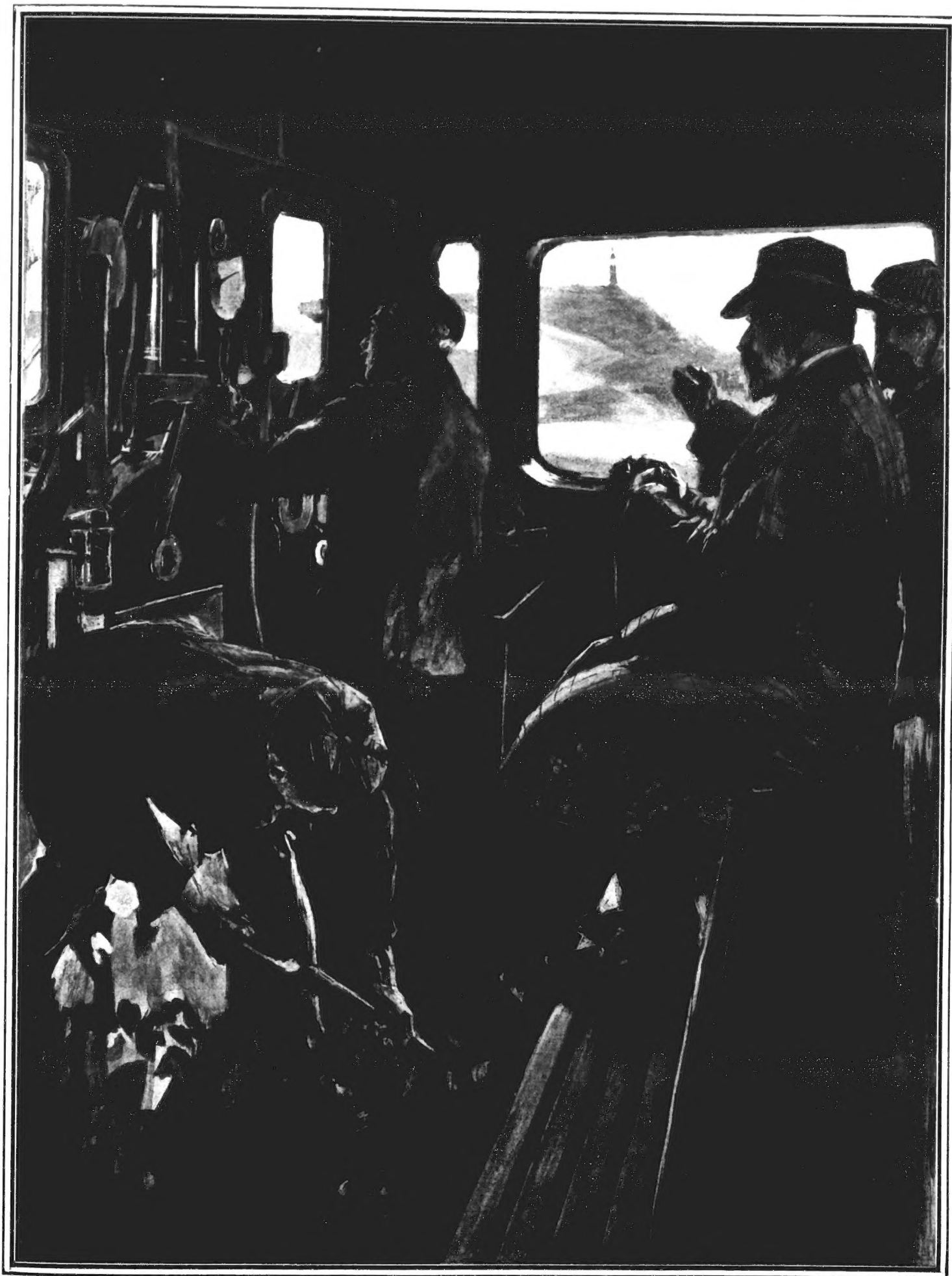
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20 1902

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT: [ PRICE NINEPENCE  
"Madame Le Brun and her Daughter" [ By Post, 9½d.



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY SYDNEY F. HALL, M.V.O.

During his visit to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the King, accompanied by the Duke, had the novel experience of a ride on an engine, travelling on the light railway that was opened last June, from Dornoch to Dunrobin Castle. Our illustration shows the Duke pointing out to His Majesty the monument to the First Duke of Sutherland on Ben Bhraigie.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN SCOTLAND: HIS MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND RIDING ON AN ENGINE

## Topics of the Week

### Irish Agitation

AS usually occurs at this season, Hibernian demagoguery has begun to put itself in evidence as a political force of real power. Just at present its howling is directed against the proclamation of Dublin under the Crimes Act, which it makes out to be utterly unjustifiable. That sort of windy declamation will not carry much weight either in Great Britain or beyond the Atlantic; it is no new thing for Irish agitators to ape Ajax in defying the lightning, when they believe that it can be done safely. So far as that goes, the joke, although decidedly stale, may be allowed to pass as a special brand of Hibernian humour. But it is quite another matter when municipal magnates publicly use language in connection with the Phoenix Park murders which goes far to extenuate that hideous crime. That was undoubtedly the case at last week's meeting of the Dublin Corporation, while on the following day, at the open-air demonstration, the mention of Mr. Wyndham's name was greeted with bellows of "Shoot him" without giving rise, apparently, to any protest. To say nothing about the wickedness of this sort of talk when addressed to an extremely excitable race, we are surprised that it should be indulged in by politicians who hope to obtain the co-operation of the English Liberal Party in obtaining Home Rule as a stepping-stone to complete independence. Surely they must be aware that even the most extreme Radicals on this side of the Irish Channel regard the "taking off" of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in cold blood as an enormity for which there could be neither excuse or palliation. If the windy creatures do not know that, their instruction in the elements of practical politics should be at once taken in hand by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Morley.

### The British Association

ALTHOUGH no sensational papers thrilled the audiences at the British Association's annual celebration, that was, perhaps, rather a gain than a loss to the cause of science. There have been occasions when there seemed some lack of both dignity and seriousness, not to speak of a certain proneness to accept fables as facts. Happily, the Association appeared to have purged itself of these frolicsome humours, without falling into the opposite error of being dry-as-dust from first to last, as was at one time the case. Among the papers read and the addresses delivered, not a few were both informing and interesting, serving that excellent object, the attraction of the frivolous to the interesting paths of science. The range of subjects was, too, sufficiently comprehensive to suit the tastes of all, except, perhaps, a certain order of entirely unambitious intellects. If chemistry or physiology failed to meet one's aspirations for mental development, they could be shunned in favour of anthropology or zoology or botany. The practical inquirer, who does not care for any scientific teaching devoid of utility in the common affairs of human life, was also duly catered for by papers on "Trusts" and engineering. It is greatly to be hoped that this catholicity of programme will be the established rule at all future meetings. What the nation expects of the British Association is that whenever it disports in public, it shall strain every effort, not so much to increase the general stock of scientific knowledge, as to induce serious study of this or that branch by conveying an idea of the pleasures awaiting those who cross the somewhat forbidding threshold. To do it justice, the Association has, with some occasional lapses, faithfully discharged that duty during its honoured career.

RARELY does any official report contain such depressing matter as that on prisons just issued from the Home Office. It formally records that during last year the number of people in prison increased by between 17,000 and 18,000 as compared with the previous year. In London criminality has so largely increased that between 3,000 and 4,000 prisoners of both sexes have to be transferred to provincial gaols for lack of adequate accommodation in the metropolis. Nor is this terrible growth of lawlessness of an abnormal character; it appears to have acquired normality, judging from the fact that the number of London commitments increased from 38,373 in 1891 to 53,591 in 1901. During the whole of this period, and long before, our highly improved and extremely costly educational machinery was in full operation, as a corrective of criminal instincts, but, so far as can be seen, it appears to have rather acted as a stimulant. One thing is quite clear at all events; the existing system of punishment does not produce that deterrent influence among persons predisposed to crime which was hoped for. It may be either too mild or too drastic; on that question we offer no opinion. But the matter is of such vital

consequence to the well-being of this country that some change cannot be much longer delayed. Prison authorities, including the Commissioners, naturally believe that the punitive methods they have elaborated with such long and painful care cannot be improved upon. But public opinion will be hard to convince that a system under which criminality largely and continuously expands can be of ideal excellence for its abatement.

## The Court

THE Court is settled in the Highlands for the present. As the King's health continues so good the Queen takes the opportunity to pay her long-deferred visit to Denmark, and during her absence there will be numerous visitors at Balmoral to keep King Edward company, while close by are the Prince and Princess of Wales at Abergeldie and the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge. Sport in the deer forests and on the rivers will keep the Royal party fully occupied during the next week or two, and hitherto the weather has been pretty fair. It was a lively day for the Braemar gathering, where the King and Queen received a most enthusiastic welcome. Queen Victoria so often witnessed these famous sports that the Highlanders were delighted to find the present Sovereign keeping up the tradition. This year the gathering was held in Cluny Park, a field on the Invercauld estate, on the south side of the Dee, with a lovely view of fir-clad slopes and peaks all round. A Royal pavilion was erected close to the arena for the sports, and their Majesties were joined there by the Prince of Wales and his three elder children, Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Fife with their little girls, and numerous guests. King Edward and the Princes all wore Highland dress of the Royal Stuart tartan, the King having a plain dark-blue jacket and a thistle in his glengarry. The Queen kept her camera busy, especially during the march-past of the clansmen, where the Balmoral Highlanders were conspicuous in Royal Stuart tartan, with the thistle and oak leaf in their bonnets, and carrying Lochaber axes. The dancing especially delighted the Royal children, and later, King Edward walked with his grandchildren to the river bank to watch the competitors in an obstacle race wading through the water. Meanwhile Queen Alexandra was encouraging the Scottish Home Industries Association, by buying an Orkney chair and some hose from Mrs. Fleming, wife of the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, who presided over a sale of the Association. His Majesty has been present at the first partridge drive of the season, his host being Sir Allan Mackenzie of Glen Muick. Several fresh visitors arrived for the week-end—the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Count Albert Mensdorff Pouilly, Lord Cromer and Mr. Reuben Sassoon—and on Saturday night their Majesties entertained their guests with a cinematograph display. The Prince and Princess of Wales came over from Abergeldie to see the views, and a large number of visitors were invited from the neighbourhood. On Sunday the King and Queen attended the morning Service at Crathie Church with Princess Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales with their eldest boy, and the Duchess of Fife. The Prince and Princess also came to lunch, bringing Prince Edward and the little Ladies Alexandra and Maud Duff. Next day the King held a Council at Balmoral, and on Tuesday the Queen and Princess Victoria left for Denmark. Her Majesty and the Princess travelled down to South Queensferry, on the Firth of Forth, to join the *Victoria and Albert*, which then started across the North Sea for the Danish coast. The Queen was expected to reach Copenhagen yesterday (Friday), when King Christian and the Danish Royal Family would meet her just outside port. Her Majesty is too late for the usual family gathering, the Dowager Empress of Russia having gone home and some of the Crown Prince's family being away, but she will meet her youngest sister, the Duchess of Cumberland. Nor will Queen Alexandra be away so long as usual, as she intends to rejoin the King early in October.

The King and Queen will only stay a short time in town, intending to spend the autumn season at Sandringham. Indeed, they will divide their time during the early winter between Sandringham and Windsor, and will not settle again at Buckingham Palace till Parliament re-opens. During the autumn also the King will get some shooting with the Duke of Cambridge at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket. As usual, the King will spend his birthday at his Norfolk home, the first house-party of the season assembling on November 8, while there will be a similar gathering for the Queen's birthday later on.

The Prince of Wales will pay numerous shooting visits during the autumn. He is going to stay with Lord Londesborough at Londesborough Park, Yorkshire, and with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth.

Princess Christian has come home from Nauheim after her course of waters, and has joined her elder daughter, Princess Victoria, on a visit to Princess Henry of Battenberg in the Isle of Wight. Prince Christian remains at Kissingen, but will soon return home. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughters remain in Ireland, but Prince Arthur is paying shooting visits in the North. Princess Louise is with the Duke of Argyll at Inveraray Castle, whence she came down to Derwentwater to open Brandelhow Park.

### THE FIRST INSTALMENT

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GOLDEN PENNY.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

WITHIN a year, I suppose, the pavement and roadway round and about my house must have been pulled up over twenty times. I have suffered every possible inconvenience by this constant and unreasonable upheaval, and I get no compensation whatever. As far as I can make out, before another year is gone such a disturbance is likely to occur for twenty more times, or, perhaps, forty more times, and I shall be as far off receiving redress as ever. Recently the destroyers of roads and the blockers of traffic have adopted a new system. They have taken to working all night. Now this energy may be an excellent thing for the speedy accomplishment of their labours, but it scarcely tends to the peaceful repose of the dwellers in the immediate neighbourhood. I am a very fair sleeper, and I can regard the usual street noises of London complacently. It would take a pretty good cat or dog or a Napoleon Bonaparte or John Wesley to beat me at sleeping when I give my mind to it. But when three stalwart labourers take part in a hammering trio all through the night I think I am justified in complaining.

In consequence of all this nocturnal energy, I am considerably disturbed, and I suffer not a little from strange visions, from troubled dreams and from fearsome nightmares. I dream that I am staying with Handel, and that he is trying to hammer the air of the "Harmonious Blacksmith" into my brain. I fancy I am apprenticed to an anchor-smith, and that we have a pressing order to be completed by to-morrow morning. I imagine my head is in a pair of nutcrackers that are being squeezed tighter every minute, and it suddenly becomes a drum which is being violently beaten in a fierce and vindictive manner, and, finally, I come to the conclusion that I am a fine specimen of the Bystander Moth being pinned out as an entomological specimen and that three swarthy and Brobdignagian Cyclops are hammering a steel stake through my body. I experience all this and a great deal more. It is, therefore, hardly to be wondered that my slumbers are somewhat disturbed. On many occasions I have suffered from not being able to get a cab up to my front door, and from not being able to reach my house without undergoing all kinds of perils through trench and pitfall. These and countless other inconveniences I have borne without a murmur. But when it comes to robbing an inoffensive ratepayer of "tired Nature's sweet restorer," I think it high time to protest.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* said the other day:—"Hitherto the profession of the pavement artist has been the exclusive prerogative of the indigent male," and he goes on to state that in the High Street at Hampstead recently he "beheld a lady, neatly and prettily attired, bending over the pavement on which she had drawn a series of excellent scenes." I fear, however, this lady can scarcely have the credit of introducing a new scope for the energy of womankind, inasmuch as some three or four years ago there was a lady "screever"—that is the right name for the calling in the profession—who used to do pictures on the pavement hard by the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. I remember calling attention to her in this column at the time, so the Hampstead lady can scarcely claim to have originated the idea. But it looks as if the notion was spreading, and possibly in time no fashionable thoroughfare will be without its lady-screevers. If they can depict upon the pavement portraits of "professional beauties"—by the way recently the professional beauty has become somewhat scarce—and sketches of the coming fashions, they would doubtless be well rewarded. If they did caricatures of their friends, and better still of their enemies, their success would probably be enormous.

Amid the many clever contrivances we have for trunks, cases and packages for the safe conveyance of clothes, boots, hats, and all kinds of personal baggage, it is an astonishing thing to me that no one has yet contrived a good book-box. Books are nearly as bad as boots to pack; they are hard and unyielding, and never will harmonise with the rest of your belongings—they require a separate compartment all to themselves. We have long had all kinds of boot-boxes, why cannot some clever inventor design a book-box that shall meet all requirements? It should be strongly made, for books are weighty, and thickly lined with some soft material to prevent injury to the volumes. As matters stand at present, if you are going out of town and wish to take a dozen volumes with you it is difficult for you to know how they should be packed. The ordinary resource is a brown paper parcel, but this commonplace device breaks down miserably if you wish to inspect one of your books *en route*.

Notwithstanding the voluminous correspondence in the *Times*, including a letter from such an eminent Thames authority as Mr. George Leslie, R.A., the fate of the Sonning bridges seems to be as yet undecided. Is the picturesque spot to retain its picturesque-ness, or is it to be ruined by the erection of those terrible lattice-girder bridges? It may be recollected it is but a few years ago that energetic protest only just managed to save the Thames, in the neighbourhood of Henley, from a most severe attack of lattice-girderism. At Sonning, before the Reformation, we are told there existed the chapel of St. Sarac, where pilgrims used to resort in order that they might be cured of madness. It is sincerely to be trusted that the utmost sanity will characterise the debates and actions of those in authority at this delightful riverside retreat, and that the spirit of St. Sarac will promptly check any tendency in the direction of lattice-girder bridges. The recent agitation on this matter clearly shows the advisability of adopting my proposal that an artist of distinction should always be numbered among the Thames Conservators. Then, doubtless, its picturesque-ness would receive due consideration. I am inclined to think Mr. George Leslie would fill the post admirably.



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## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

It is said that cases of suicide are more frequent than they used to be. Certainly one constantly reads of young girls, boys, and even children putting an end to a life which they cannot endure. I wonder whether the darkness and dinginess of a city have anything to do with this disgust and morbid despair? One is struck with the darkness and gloom of London when one first enters it from the clear country; afterwards one becomes inured. But just as light and sun are necessary to plant life, so brightness and daylight have a marked effect on our bodies. Few people can say, as a friend of mine did, that the weather never affected her, and unless she looked out of the window she was unaware whether it rained or the sun shone. Unconsciously the darkness and the heavy atmosphere influence our health and spirits, and perhaps the rarity of laughter and high spirits, which is a noticeable feature of these days, may be traced to the gloom of towns.

Laughter is so valuable a factor in happiness, that one regrets to hear that the chief promoter of hilarity, Mr. Dan Leno, is suffering from overwork. Jesters and wits should never overwork themselves; it is an anomaly. The mirth should bubble forth, the jests flow from sheer animal vitality. As it is, one fears that too often jokes are elaborated on a sick-bed, as were those of Hood, the charming sympathetic poet, or fun made boisterously, while the spirits are at zero and the heart heavy with anxiety.

An unpleasant experience was that of Lady Margaret Campbell, robbed in Sussex Place, a well-known thoroughfare, and violently deprived of her purse in broad daylight. Various robberies of the kind have occurred in South Kensington, which, on the face of it, one would suppose an eminently quiet and respectable suburb. I remember once, a few years ago, when a perfect scare set in, it being



DRAWN BY F. R. HICKLING

FROM A SKETCH BY SYDNEY F. HALL, M.A.

PRINCESS VICTORIA PHOTOGRAPHING AN ANCIENT CROSS AT COLONSAY  
THE CRUISE OF THE KING AND QUEEN

reported that a certain woman (a mad cool, it was supposed) stabbed women on their return home in the dusk. No one would stir out after dark, and a footstep behind caused a shiver and a nervousness to run through the most impassive. These things will happen so long as women openly display jewellery and gold purses slenderly attached in the daytime. The temptation is too great to be resisted by any well-educated pickpocket—a name now become a misnomer, for, alas! no woman has a pocket!

Doncaster opened under favourable aspects, and a crowd of smart and pretty women, amongst whom were Lady Albemarle, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Beckett, Lady Savile, Lady Lurgan, and Lady St. Oswald, appeared in summery and diaphanous dresses. On the St. Leger day, alas! it poured, and the race, won by the wonderful mare, saw the ladies arrayed in mockintoshes and tweeds. One clings so to the declining summer that it means a violent effort to give up muslins and cottons and plunge into winter garments, yet Doncaster is often the signal for stormy autumn weather.

Does a kiss constitute a proposal? The question is a momentous one, and would solve the difficult problem of asking a girl to marry you, if once the fact were accepted. But unfortunately rules are not universal. One girl thinks kissing a pastime, sailors kiss every lass they meet, and many a pretty young maid might confess to a stolen kiss behind a screen, or in some secluded nook of the conservatory. Kisses are lovers' small cash, which they distribute lavishly; but how much love does a kiss betoken, and how many kisses go to a proposal? Is a kiss an insult to a modest girl, or is it, as sailors say, a thing she expects? Or, in short, what is a kiss? The magistrate assesses a kiss taken against a woman's will at so many pounds, others argue that it constitutes a considerable portion of a breach of promise case, while others look upon kisses as trifles, light as air, and a few serious people think to kiss one of the opposite sex a very solemn confession of love. Poets have dreamt and novelists have written of the rapture of kisses, but still a kiss remains an ethereal, intangible, unreal entity. Is it love, or only a pleasant pastime?



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

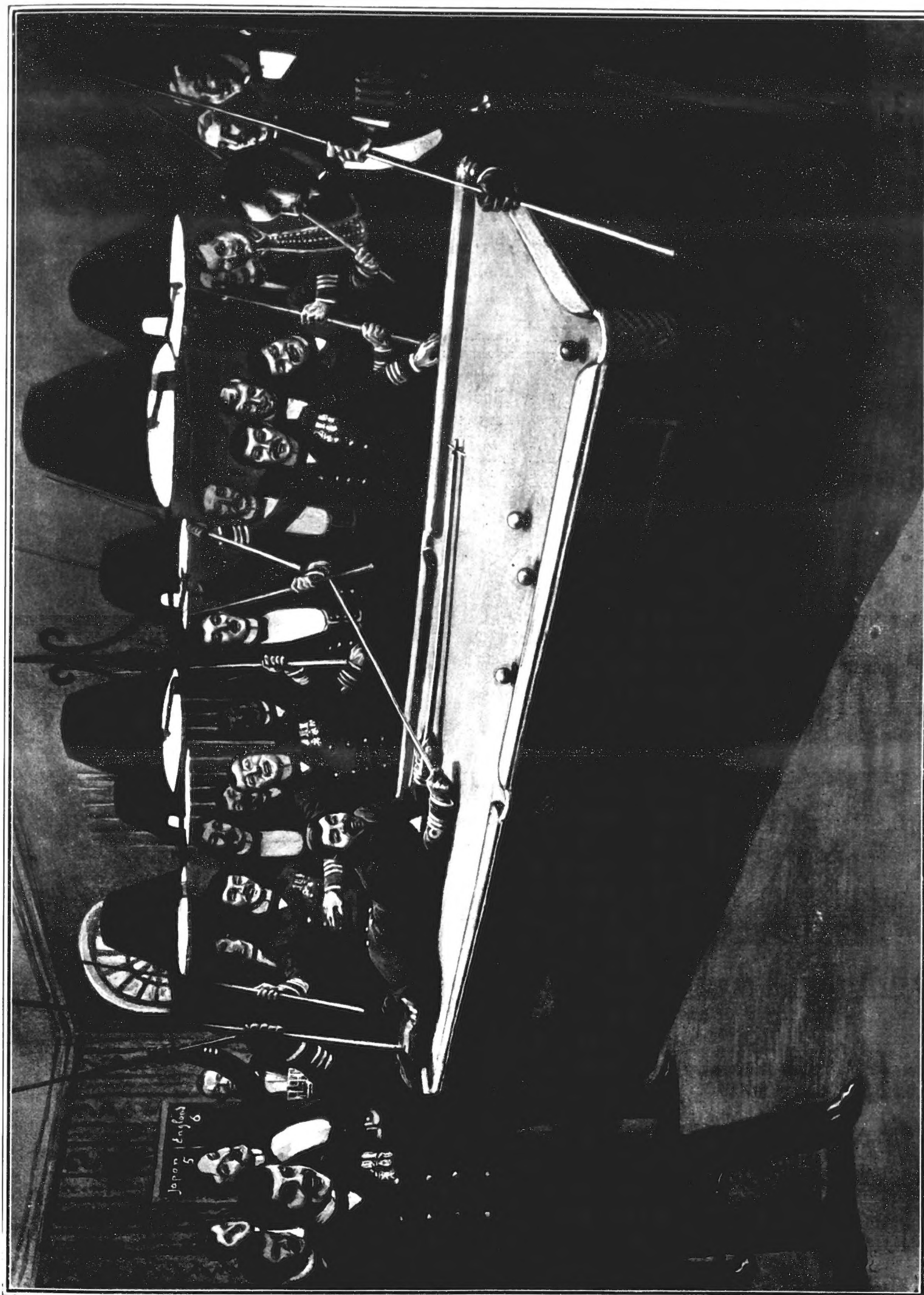
FROM A SKETCH BY F. KASKELINE

The funeral of Professor Virchow took place last week. Before the ceremony a service was held in the Grand Hall of the Berlin Town Hall in memory of the great scientist. Scholars, members of the medical profession, town councillors, magistrates, and members of Parliament were all present to pay a last tribute to the memory of the late professor, who was an honorary citizen of Berlin. An imposing funeral procession then formed up, and proceeded through the city to the cemetery of St. Matthew.

Immediately behind the coffin walked the Chief Burgomaster, the Minister of Public Instruction, and Herr Langenhans, the President of the Town Council. The streets were lined with crowds of people. The pastor delivered a short address at the graveside, after which he blessed the remains. At the conclusion of the service the deputations of students, who were present in their parade dress, lowered their standards on the open grave as a sign of mourning.

THE FUNERAL OF PROFESSOR VIRCHOW: THE STUDENTS PAYING THEIR TRIBUTE OF RESPECT





DRAWN BY GEORGE S. REEDS

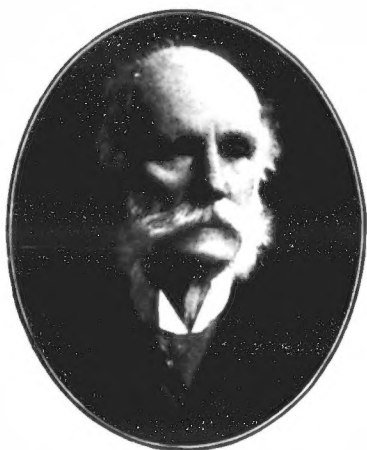
The Ward-room officers of the Japanese warships *Asama* and *Takasago*, when on their way to England for the Coronation Review, were entertained by the Ward-room officers of the

Mediterranean Squadron at the Union Club, Malta. After dinner a match at pool was arranged between teams representing Japan and England. Our illustration represents a

successful shot, made by a Japanese officer. The best of good feeling prevailed on the occasion, and great applause from both sides greeted every good stroke

“WELL DONE, JAPAN!” AN INTERNATIONAL GAME OF POOL AT THE UNION CLUB, MALTA

FROM A SKETCH BY A. GANCOINE WILDEY



THE LATE MAJOR-GEN. W. E. MORTON  
Chillianwallah Veteran

## The Hailstorm in Kent

THE fall of rain which accompanied the thunderstorms in many parts of England on Wednesday last week, as well as the rain which fell later in the evening, was exceptionally heavy in the south and east of England.

Reports received from Kent speak of the great havoc caused by the storm. At East Farleigh, two and a half miles south-west of Maidstone, there are nearly 2,000 London hop-pickers employed, and the plight of the great majority of these was deplorable. Scores of the huts situated on the low-lying land had two and three feet of water in them, and all the belongings of the occupants are in a sorry condition. Parents in several cases had to wade through water up to their knees to rescue their children, who were imprisoned in the huts, and there were some very narrow escapes. There is not a hop-grower in East Farleigh who has not sustained very serious loss. In one large parish in Mid-Kent, over which the storm swept, the total damage done is estimated at quite 100,000/. It is feared that many fruit and hop growers will be almost ruined. A grower who farms some eighty acres of hops at Teston has lost practically the whole of his crops, the hailstones having cut down the hops. At Barham Court, Teston, the seat of Colonel Warde, member for the Medway Division, 1,650 panes of glass in the greenhouses were smashed, and nearly all his outdoor fruit was stripped from the trees. Another property owner at Teston has lost 6,000 peaches and nearly 400 bushels of apples and other fruit. At Watlingbury a brewer has very little left of his sixty acres of hops, which were regarded as among the finest in the country. Large portions of the district and the main roads of the neighbourhood were still covered deep with hail at ten o'clock on Friday. The following is an extract from a letter written from a place near Watlingbury:—

"We had a terrible rainstorm here on Wednesday afternoon. The like has never been seen before—at least I don't know where to find any records. At Nettlestead hailstones are now (Friday) lying 2ft. deep. Mr. A. and myself yesterday took photos of a cutting made through them for traffic to pass. Mr. H. W. estimates his loss at 3cwt. to 4cwt. per acre. At Mr. Fremlin's it is such a sight that no living man has ever seen. There is not a single leaf even left on the bine; the water rushed down every slope like a river; full bags of hops were carried away for long distances; and Mr. W. had some sheep carried from one side of a meadow to the other. Hop-pickers' beds and belongings were floating in every direction. Plenty of the hailstones were 1½ in. in diameter. We only got rain here, but from Barming to Nettlestead it was terrible. The country is stripped. The storm came over the Matling hills across Watlingbury, West Farleigh and Hun on, where two men were killed by lightning. Brewers' drays and carriers' vans had to be dug out, and traction engines helped to pull some through."

THE Queen of the Belgians is dangerously ill again. She has long been in bad health, and now a severe attack of asthma has brought her into a most critical condition. King Leopold, who has been taking a cure at Bagnères-de-Luchon, is expected at Spa to see the Queen, who has with her Princess Clementine, her youngest daughter and constant companion.



A hop garden at Teston, in which the line was completely stripped  
THE EFFECT OF THE RECENT HAILSTORM IN KENT

## Our Portraits

THE Rev. Henry Lowther Clarke, M.A., Vicar of Huddersfield and Hon. Canon of St. Oswald in Wakefield Cathedral, has accepted the Bishopric of Melbourne, Australia, to which he was recently elected by the Board of Electors of the Diocese of Melbourne, in accordance with the provisions of an Act of the Church Assembly of that diocese, in succession to the Right Rev. Dr. Goe, who held the appointment from 1887 to 1902. Canon Lowther Clarke graduated seventh wrangler from St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1874, and after holding the curacy of St. John's, Kingston-on-Hull, in the years 1874-1876, held the following preferments:—Vicar of Hedon, Yorkshire, 1876-83; Vicar of St. Martin, Coney Street, York, 1884-90; Vicar of Dewsbury, 1890-1901; and Vicar of Huddersfield, 1901. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Major-General William Elliott Morton was in his 82nd year. He was one of the few survivors of Chillianwallah and Gujarat. Born in 1821, he entered the R.E. (Bengal) in June, 1839, became lieutenant in 1843, and, after obtaining the medal with two clasps for the Punjab campaign 1848-49, was promoted captain in the summer of 1854. He became lieutenant-colonel in 1861 and colonel in 1864, being four years later retired on full pay, with the rank of major-general. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE REV. HENRY LOWTHER CLARKE  
Appointed Bishop of Melbourne

## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

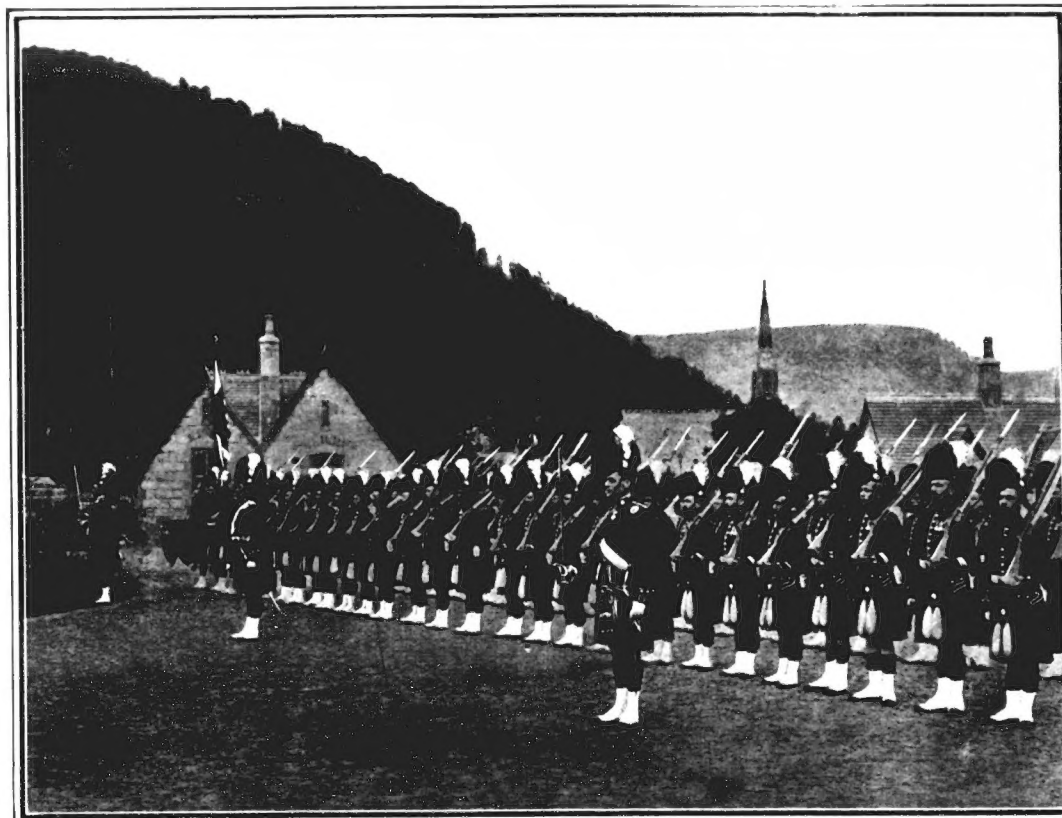
FROM the political country houses has gone out a report that Mr. Arthur Balfour will not retain the Premiership for more than a year or two at the

most. Those who are answerable for the prediction believe that, in becoming Premier, Mr. Balfour has attained the ambition of his life, and is not anxious to continue in office for any long period. Besides, according to them, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has created such a position for himself, and has done so much good work for the Unionist side, that an opportunity must be given to him to reach the highest rung on the political ladder. Mr. Balfour is a comparatively young man; Mr. Chamberlain is sixty-six. Were the latter to have to wait until the former had enjoyed power for any considerable time, he would have to abandon all hope of attaining the Premiership.

It is believed by these prophets that a general election will take place either next year or in 1904, and that then Mr. Joseph Chamberlain will lead the Unionist Party. If the Government is successful, Mr. Chamberlain will be called by the Sovereign and entrusted with the task of forming a Ministry. That is the programme which has been prepared around the dinner-tables and in the smoking-rooms, but is it the one which Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have any intention of adopting? There is nothing, certainly, which is impossible in the arrangement. Mr. Arthur Balfour is not devoted to work, and he is not physically a strong man. He might now be satisfied with the position he has secured, and at a convenient

moment might transfer the leadership of the Unionist Party to Mr. Chamberlain and retire to the House of Lords with a Viscountcy or an Earldom. On the other hand Mr. Chamberlain is the most prominent politician in Great Britain, and it is to be expected that he would wish to be Premier. He can only, as matters stand, become that by the absence of Mr. Balfour or by forming a New Party and winning the elections with it. The latter is not worth consideration; therefore, the retirement of Mr. Balfour is his only opportunity.

That Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is the most interesting statesman of the day in England is proved by the continual talk there is about him. "What does he want?" "What will he do?" are questions which are asked with tiresome reiteration. It is a common answer to the first that Mr. Chamberlain does not wish to be Premier. Those who make the statement generally insist that they have high authority for doing so. A new variant is that Mr. Chamberlain having reached the highest position in the State which circumstances permit—Mr. Balfour having accepted the Premiership—may at no distant date receive a Peerage, and end his career peacefully in the House of Lords. Mr. Chamberlain is to some extent the founder of his family, for he has cut his way to general fame, and he is rich; what is there so improbable in the suggestion that he might settle the name in more suitable surroundings by adding a title to it?



The Guard of Honour at Balmoral is furnished by the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. Until a few years ago the Camerons enjoyed the unique distinction of being the only single battalion territorial regiment in the Army. The regiment was formerly known as the 79th Highlanders. It was raised by Colonel Alan Cameron of Erracht towards the end of the 17th century. The regiment has a splendid record. Its colours bear the following honours:—Egmont op Zee, Egypt with the Sphinx, Fuentes d'Onor, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Toulouse, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Sevastopol, Lucknow, Egypt, 1882, Tel-el-Kebir, Nile, 1884-5, Atbara, and Khartoum. Our photograph is by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE KING'S GUARD OF HONOUR AT BALMORAL





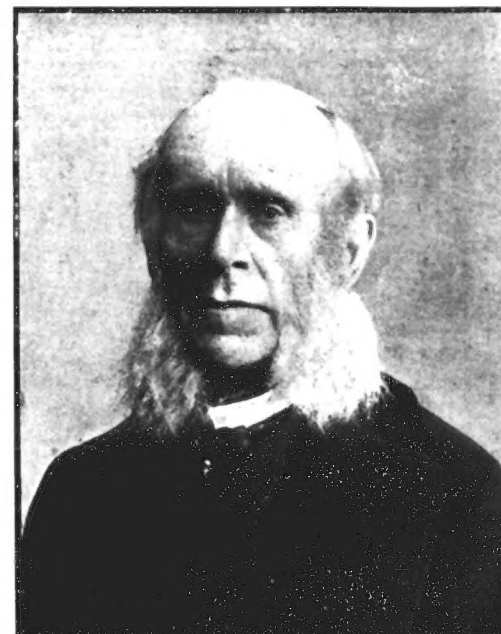
THE DUC DE MONTEBELLO  
French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, who has been recalled

## Two Ambassadors

THE Duc de Montebello, the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has just been recalled. The Duke is believed to be disaffected from the Republic, and the Duchess appears to have made enemies among the wives of Cabinet Ministers by her aristocratic pretensions during the visit of the Tsar to Compiègne last year. Relations became so strained that when it was hinted to the Duke that he had lost the confidence of the Quai d'Orsay he declined to resign, and was accordingly recalled by M. Delcassé. The Duke Lannes de Montebello is still in the prime of life, and is a diplomatist not only by profession but also by descent, for his father was French Ambassador at St. Petersburg in the reign of the Tsar Alexander I. His first experience in diplomacy was as an Attaché to the Russian Embassy during his father's tenure of that post. His grandfather was the famous Marshal Lannes. He is a nephew of Léon Say, the great financier and economist, and son-in-law of another distinguished economist, M. Guillemin. After holding a number of junior secretaryships, the Duke was sent in succession to manage the French Legations at Munich and Brussels. He then became Ambassador at Constantinople, and finally, eleven years ago, he was sent as Ambassador to St. Petersburg. His embassy has been of the highest importance to France, as it fell to him to negotiate the Franco-Russian alliance and all the conventions connected with it. The Duke has

been a great favourite of the Tsar and a very popular figure in Russian society. Our portrait is by Nadar, Paris.

Baron Georg de Staal, Russian Ambassador to Great Britain, whose resignation has just been accepted by the Tsar, is, perhaps, the most distinguished diplomatist in Europe. Born in 1823 and educated at the St. Petersburg University, he entered the Russian diplomatic service in 1845. After serving at several of the minor German Courts, he was nominated to a secretaryship at the Constantinople Embassy. On the outbreak of the Crimean War, he was appointed diplomatic secretary to Prince Gortschakoff, commanding the troops in the Crimea, whose daughter he afterwards married. He took part in the defence of Sevastopol, and was decorated with the silver medal of St. George for personal bravery. After the war he served as Consul-General at Bucharest and Athens, and in 1867 was sent back to Constantinople, where he remained until 1871. He then succeeded Prince Alexander Gortschakoff, who afterwards became Russian Chancellor, as Minister at Stuttgart. In this post he had much to do with the family affairs of the Tsar, whose confidence he earned. When, in 1886, Prince Lobanoff retired from the London Embassy, this important post was offered to Baron de Staal. He has always been an advocate of close friendly relations between Russia and Great Britain, and every difficulty which arose between the two countries while he was in London was amicably and equitably arranged. It was chiefly owing to the strong stand taken by Baron de Staal that the Russian Government declined to support France at the time of the Fashoda incident, and thus a disastrous war was averted, and it will be remembered that he presided over the famous Peace Conference at The Hague in 1899. London loses one of her most distinguished residents by the retirement of Baron de Staal, and the cause of European peace one of its most powerful and most accomplished pillars. On his retirement the Tsar appointed him a member of the Council of the Empire and a Knight of the Order of St. Andrew. Our portrait is by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street.

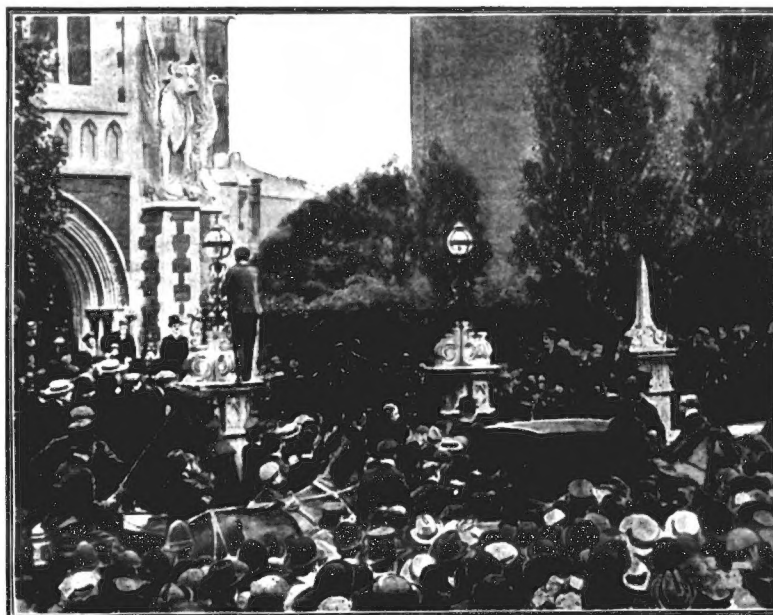


BARON DE STAAL  
Russian Ambassador at St. James's, who is retiring

prepared performance. Indeed, many of the compositions in the programme were of considerable difficulty and needed more rehearsal than is available at a Festival of this character, despite the fact that a good deal more time than usual was devoted to preparation. It is a question whether it would not be advisable for the future to frame programmes somewhat less ambitiously. The great feature of the Festival was the first performance in his native city of Dr. Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*. Cardinal Newman's poem was, to a certain extent, altered in deference to the susceptibilities of the ultra-Protestants.

## The Agapemonite Disturbances

THE Agapemonites are a small sect founded by an ex-clergyman by the name of Prince, on whose death Mr. J. H. Smyth Piggott succeeded to the headship of the sect. On the Sunday before last at the Agapemonite Church—an expensive building adorned with winged bulls, lions, and other strange beasts—Mr. Piggott announced that he was the Messiah. Strange to say, his congregation accepted this blasphemous statement as truth. But the report of the announcement was spread about, and last Sunday a mob gathered outside the building, and after the service he had to be protected by mounted police. Our photographs of the building are by R. J. W. Haines, Milman Road, and that of the crowd by R. A. Shield.



MOBBING MR. PIGGOTT OUTSIDE THE AGAPEMONITE CHURCH

## The Festivals

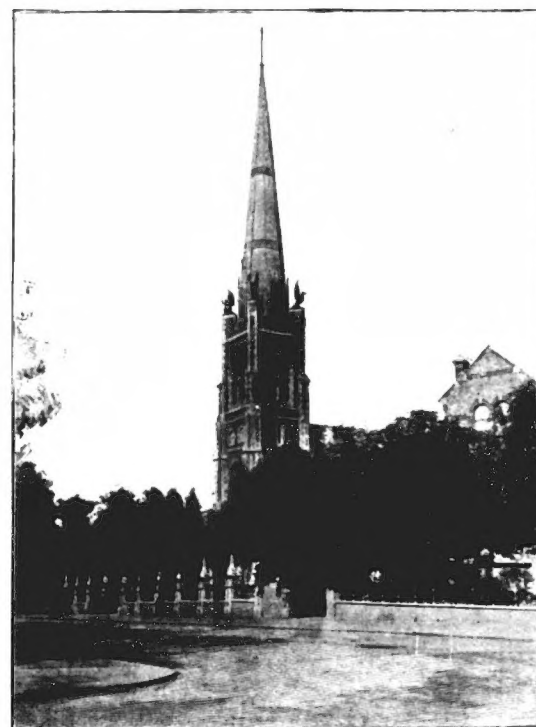
THE Scarborough Musical Festival is in progress this week, but as it did not commence till Wednesday evening, notice of the performances must be reserved. An experimental festival was tried a few years ago, but in October, too late, it seems, for the Scarborough season. There was, this week, a band and chorus of 300 performers, under Dr. Cowen. No special novelties were announced, but the three evening concerts were devoted severally to *Elijah*, Berlioz's *Faust*, and *Messiah*, while one afternoon performance was devoted to Wagner, and the other was of a more miscellaneous character.

The Worcester Musical Festival proved scarcely so successful as that held three years ago. For one reason it was unfortunate in the weather. These Festivals attract music-lovers from outlying districts, and to drive ten or a dozen miles into Worcester in the pouring rain is not for ladies in smart festival dresses, and is indeed only to be undertaken by enthusiasts. Nevertheless, the Festival attracted 19,100 persons during the week, and 725*l.* (about 150*l.* less than usual) will be available for the orphans of the poorer clergy, the money, however, coming partly from interest on investments, and only 564*l.* from voluntary contributions.

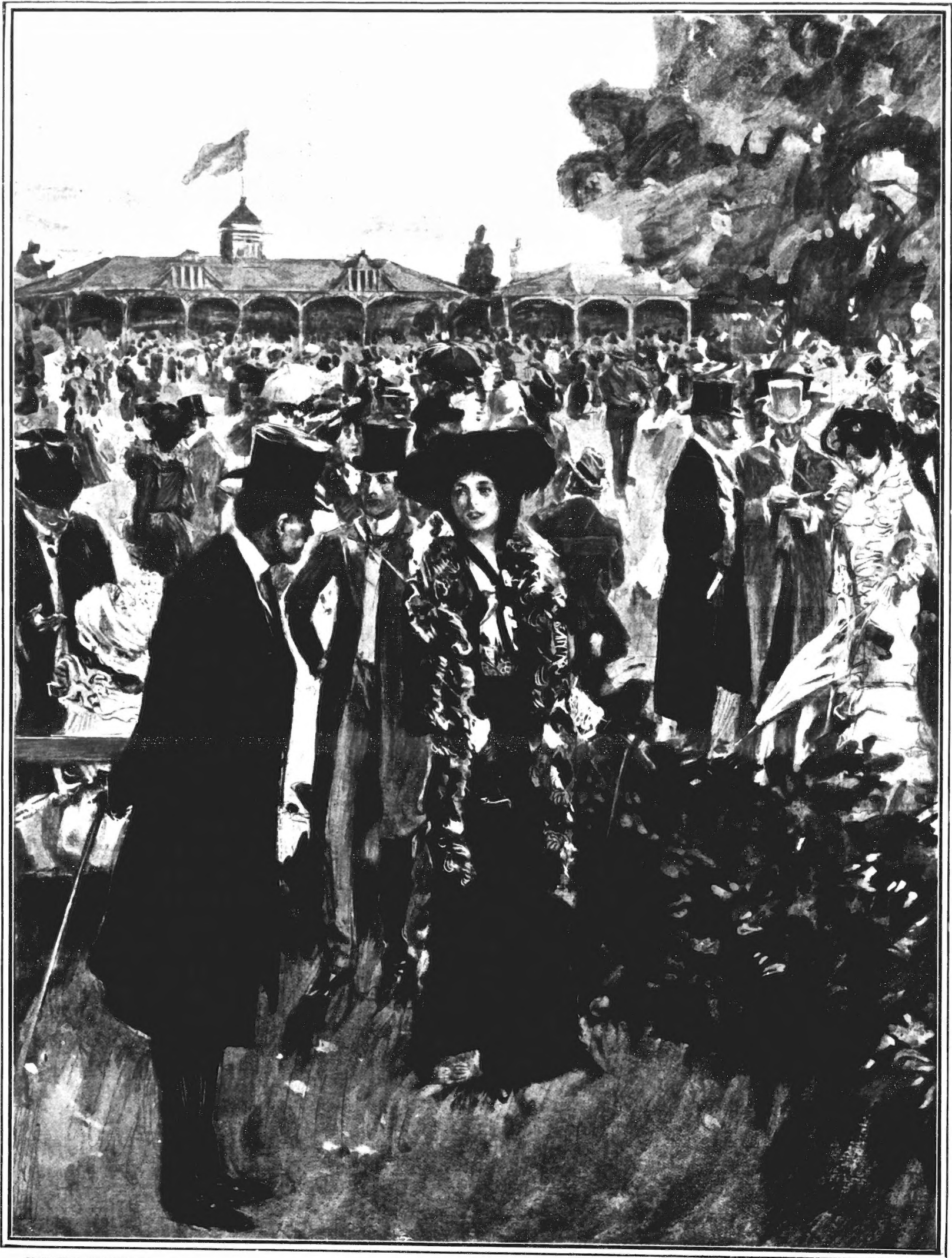
Last week we briefly described the novelties, which were mostly by the younger school of British musicians. There are defects in Dr. Walford Davies' *The Temple*, notably in the extreme length of some of its numbers, which induced a feeling of monotony and even of dullness, while the composer seems to be vacillating between the old style and the new. Most of the music is, however, admirable, and although Dr. Davies, who is organist at the Temple Church, London, makes in his solos little or no attempt at discrimination of character, the choral and orchestral writing shows considerable skill. Mr. Hugh Blair's *Song of Deborah*, which contains some admirable work, suffered to a certain extent from an insufficiently



THE ENTRANCE TO THE AGAPEMONITE CHURCH AT CLAPTON



THE CHURCH OF THE AGAPEMONITES AT CLAPTON



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

The inaugural meeting at the New Phoenix Park Club was a great social function, and on every side was heard praise of Sir John Arnott and Captain Eustace Loder, to whom the success of the enterprise was due. Sir John and Lady Arnott had a luncheon party in the Viceregal Stand. Among others

FROM A SKETCH BY W. C. MILLS

present were the Chief Secretary and Lady Grosvenor, Lord Coventry, Lord and Lady Chesham, Lord and Lady Bandon, and Lord and Lady Fermoy. Our illustration shows the scene on the members' lawn between the races.

# THE FIRST RACE MEETING ON THE NEW COURSE AT PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN





"The Jew who held the lantern, alarmed by the sounds within, entered hastily and, catching his foot against the body of a dead man who lay there, stumbled so that he fell upon his knee. In her hand Miriam held the key, and as the guard regained his feet, but not before its light fell upon her, she struck with it at the lamp."

## PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

### CHAPTER XV.

#### WHAT PASSED IN THE TOWER

NEARLY four months had gone by. Perhaps, during the whole history of the world there never has been and never will be worse suffering than was endured by the inhabitants of Jerusalem during that period, or rather by the survivors of the nation of the Jews who were crowded together within its walls. Forgetting their internecine quarrels in the face of overwhelming danger, too late the factions united and fought against the common foe with a ferocity that has been seldom equalled. They left nothing undone which desperate men could do. Again and again they sallied forth against the Romans, slaughtering thousands of them. They captured their battering-rams and catapults. They undermined the great wooden towers which Titus erected against their walls, and burnt them. With varying success they made sally upon sally. Titus took the third wall and the new city of Bezetha. He took the second wall and pulled it down. Then he sent Josephus, the historian, to persuade the Jews to surrender, but his countrymen cursed and stoned him, and the war went on.

At length, as it seemed to be impossible to carry the place by assault, Titus adopted a surer and more terrible plan. Enclosing the first unconquered wall, the Temple, and the fortresses by another

[Copyright, 1902, by H. RIDER HAGGARD, in the United States of America.]

wall of his own making, he sat down and waited for starvation to do its work. Then came the famine. At the beginning, before the maddened, devil-inspired factions began to destroy each other and to prey upon the peaceful people, Jerusalem was amply provisioned. But each party squandered the stores that were within its reach, and, whenever they could do so, burnt those of their rivals, so that the food which might have supplied the whole city for months vanished quickly in orgies of wanton waste and destruction. Now all, or almost all, was gone, and by tens and hundreds of thousands the people starved.

Those who are curious about such matters, those who desire to know how much human beings can endure, and of what savagery they can be capable when hunger drives them, may find these details set out in the pages of Josephus, the renegade Jewish historian. It serves no good purpose and will not help our story to repeat them; indeed for the most part they are too terrible to be repeated. History does not record, and the mind of man cannot invent a cruelty which was not practised by the famished Jews upon other Jews suspected of the crime of having hidden food to feed themselves or their families. Now the fearful prophecy was fulfilled, and it came about that mothers devoured their own infants, and children snatched the last morsel of bread from the lips of their dying parents. If these things were done between those who were of one blood, what dreadful torment was there that was not practised by stranger upon stranger? The city went mad beneath the

weight of its abominable and obscene misery. Thousands perished every day, and every night thousands more escaped, or attempted to escape, to the Romans, who caught the poor wretches and crucified them beneath the walls, till there was no more wood of which to make the crosses, and no more ground whereon to stand them.

All these things and many others Miriam saw from her place of outlook in the gallery of the deserted tower. She saw the people lying dead by hundreds in the streets beneath. She saw the robbers hale them from their houses and torture them to discover the hiding-place of the food which they were supposed to have hidden, and when they failed, put them to the sword. She saw the Valley of the Kidron and the lower slopes of the Mount of Olives covered with captive Jews writhing on their crosses, there to die as the Messiah whom they had rejected died. She saw the furious attacks, the yet more furious sallies and the dreadful daily slaughter, till at length her heart grew so sick within her, that although she still took refuge in the ruined tower to escape the gloom beneath, Miriam would spend whole hours lying on her face, her fingers thrust into her ears, that she might shut out the sights and sounds of this unutterable woe.

Meanwhile, the Essenes, who still had stores of food, ventered forth but rarely, lest the good condition of their bodies, although their faces were white as death from dwelling in the darkness, should tempt the starving hordes to seize and torture them in the hope of discovering the hiding-places of their nutriment. Indeed,

to several of the brethren this happened, but in obedience to their oaths, as will be seen in the course of the past President Theophilus, who went out and was seen no more, they endured all and died without a murmur, having betrayed nothing. Still, notwithstanding the danger, driven to it by utter weariness of their confinement in the dark and by the desire of obtaining news, from time to time one of them would creep out at night to return again before daybreak. From these men Miriam heard that after the murder of the high priest Mathias and his sons, together with sixteen of the Sanhedrim, on a charge of correspondence with the Romans, her grandfather, Benoni, had been elected to that body in which he exercised much influence and caused many to be put to death who were accused of treason or of favouring the Roman cause. Caleb also was in the Temple and foremost in every fight. He was said to have sworn an oath that he would slay the Prefect of Horse, Marcus, with whom he had an ancient quarrel, or be slain himself. It was told, indeed, that they had met once already and struck some blows at each other, before they were separated by the accident of war.

The beginning of August came at length, and the wretched city, in addition to its other miseries, pined in the heat of a scorching summer sun and was poisoned by the stench from the dead bodies that filled the streets and were hurled in thousands from the walls. Now the Romans had set up their battering engines at the very gates of the Temple, and slowly but surely were winning their way into its outer courts.

On a certain night, about an hour before the dawn, Miriam woke Nehushta, telling her that she was stifling there in those vaults and must ascend the tower. Nehushta said that it was folly, whereon Miriam answered that she would go alone. This she would not suffer her to do, so together they passed up the stairs according to custom, and, having gained the base of the tower through the swinging door of stone, climbed the steps that ran in the thickness of the wall till they reached the topmost gallery. Here they sat, fanned by the faint night wind, and watched the fires of the Romans stretched far and wide around the walls and even among the ruins of the houses almost beneath them, since that part of the city was taken.

Presently the dawn broke, a splendid, fearful dawn. It was as though the angel of the daybreak had dipped his wing into a sea of blood and dashed it against the brow of Night pale but still crowned with her flaming stars. Of a sudden the heavens were filled with flots and threads of flaming colour latticed against the pale background of the twilight sky. Miriam watched it with a kind of rapture, letting its glory and its peace sink into her troubled soul, while from below arose the sound of awakening camps making ready for the daily battle. Soon a ray of burning light cast like a spear from the crest of the Mount of Olives across the Valley of Jehoshaphat, struck full upon the gold-roofed Temple and its courts. At its coming, as though at a signal, the northern gates were thrown wide, and through them poured a flood of gaunt and savage warriors. They came on in thousands, uttering fierce war-cries. Some pickets of Romans tried to stay their rush; in a minute they were overcome and destroyed. Now they were surging round the feet of a great wooden tower filled with archers. Here the fight was desperate, for the soldiers of Titus rushed up by companies to defend their engine. But they could not drive back that onset, and presently the tower was on fire, and in a last mad effort to save their lives its defenders were casting themselves headlong from the lofty platform. With shouts of triumph the Jews rushed through the breaches in the second wall, and leaving what remained of the castle of Antonia on the left, poured down into the maze of streets and ruined houses that lay immediately behind the Old Tower whence Miriam watched.

In front of this building, which the Romans had never attempted to enter, since for military purposes it was useless to them, lay the open space, once, no doubt, part of its garden, but of late years used as a cattle market and a place where young men exercised themselves in arms. Bordering the waste on its further side were strong fortifications, the camping ground of the twelfth and fifteenth legions. Across this open space those who remained of the Romans fled back towards their outer line, followed by swarms of furious Jews. They gained them, such as were not overtaken, but the Jews who pursued were met with so fierce a charge, delivered by the fresh troops behind the defences, that they were in turn swept back and took refuge among the ruined houses. Suddenly Miriam's attention became concentrated upon the mounted officer who led this charge, a gallant-looking man clad in splendid armour, whose clear, ringing voice as he uttered the words of command, had caught her ear even through the tumult and the shouting. The Roman onslaught having reached its limit, began to fall back again like the water from an exhausted wave upon a slope of sand. At the moment the Jews were in no condition to press the enemy's retreat, so that the mounted officer who withdrew last of all, had time to turn his horse, and heedless of the arrows that sang about him, to study the ground now strewn with the wounded and the dead. Presently he looked up at the deserted tower as though wondering whether he could make use of it, and Miriam saw his face. It was Marcus, grown older, more thoughtful also, and altered somewhat by a short curling beard, but still Marcus and no other.

"Look! look!" she said.

Nehushta nodded. "Yes, it is he, I thought so from the first. And now, having seen him, lady, shall we be going?"

"Going!" said Miriam, "wherefore?"

"Because one army or the other may chance to think that this building would be useful to them, and break open the walled-up door. Also they might explore this staircase, and then—"

"And then," answered Miriam quietly, "we should be taken. What of it? If the Jews find us we are of their party; if the Romans—well, I do not greatly fear the Romans."

"You mean you do not fear one Roman. But who knows, but that he may presently lie dead—"

"Oh! say it not," answered Miriam, pressing her hand upon her heart. "Nay, safe or unsafe, I will see this fight out. Look, yonder is Caleb, yes, Caleb himself, shouting to the Jews. How fierce is his face, like that of a hyena in a snare. Nay now I will not go—go you and leave me in peace to watch the end."

"Since you are too heavy and strong for my old arms to carry down those steep steps, so be it," answered Nehushta calmly. "After all we have food with us, and our angels can guard us as well on the top of a tower as in those dirty cisterns. Also this fray is worth the watching."

As she spoke, the Romans having re-formed, led by the Prefect Marcus and other officers, advanced from their entrenchment, to be met half-way by the Jews, now reinforced from the Temple, among whom was Caleb. There, in the open space, they fought hand to hand, for neither force would yield an inch. Miriam watching through the stone bars from above, had eyes for only two of all that multitude of men—Marcus, whom she loved, and Caleb, whom she feared. Marcus was attacked by a Jew, who stalled his horse, to be instantly stabbed himself by a Roman who came to the rescue of his commander. After this he fought on foot. Caleb killed first one soldier and then another. Watching him, Miriam grew aware that he was cutting his way towards some point, and that the point was Marcus. This Marcus seemed to know; at least, he also strove to cut his way towards Caleb. Nearer and nearer they came till at length they met and began to rain blows upon each other, but not for long, for just then a charge of some Roman horsemen separated them. After this both parties retired to their lines taking their wounded with them.

Thus with pauses, sometimes of two or three hours, the fight went on from morning to noon, and from noon to sunset. During the latter part of the time the Romans made no more attacks, but were contented with defending themselves while they awaited reinforcements from without the city, or perhaps the results of some counter attack in another part.

Thus the advantage rested, or seemed to rest, with the Jews, who held all the ruined houses and swept the open space with their arrows. Now it was that Nehushta's fears were justified, for having a little leisure the Jews took a beam of wood and battered in the walled-up doorway of the tower.

"Look!" said Nehushta, pointing down.

"Oh! Now," Miriam answered, "I was wrong. I have run you into danger. But indeed I could not go. What shall we do now?"

"Sit quiet until they come to take us," said Nehushta grimly, "and then, if they give us time, explain as best we may."

As it chanced, however, the Jews did not come, since they feared that if they mounted the stair some sudden rush of Romans might trap such of them as were within before they had time to descend again. Only they made use of the base of the tower to shelter those of their wounded whose hurts were so desperate that they dared not move them.

Now the fighting having ceased for a while, the soldiers of both sides amused themselves with shouting taunts and insults at each other, or challenges to single combat. Presently Caleb stepped forward from the shelter of a wall and called out that if the Prefect Marcus would meet him alone in the open space he had something to say which he would be glad to hear. Thereupon Marcus, stepping out from his defences, where several of his officers seemed to be striving to detain him, answered:

"I will come," and walked to the centre of the market, where he was met by Caleb.

Here the two of them spoke together alone, but of what they said Miriam and Nehushta, watching from above, could catch no word.

"Oh! will they fight?" said Miriam.

"It seems likely, since each of them has sworn to slay the other," answered Nehushta.

While she spoke Marcus, shaking his head as though to decline some proposal, and pointing to the men of his command who stood up watching him, turned to walk back to his own lines, followed by Caleb, who shouted out that he was a coward and did not dare to stand alone before him. At this insult Marcus winced, then went on again, doubtless because he thought it his duty to rejoin his company, whereon Caleb, drawing his sword, struck him with the flat of it across the back. Now the Jews laughed, while the Romans uttered a shout of rage at the intolerable affront offered to their commander. As for Marcus, he wheeled round, sword in hand, and flew straight at Caleb's throat.

But it was for this that the Jew had been waiting, since he knew that no Roman, and least of all Marcus, would submit to the indignity of such a blow. As his adversary came on, made almost blind with fury, he leapt to one side lightly, as a lion leaps, and with all the force of his long sinewy arm brought down his heavy sword upon the head of Marcus. The helm was good, or the skull beneath must have been split in two by that blow, which, as it was, shored through it and bit deeply into the bone. Beneath the shock Marcus staggered, threw his arms wide, and let fall his sword. With a shout Caleb sprang at him to make an end of him, but before he could strike the Roman seemed to recover himself, and, knowing that his weapon was gone, did the only thing he could, rushed straight at his foe. Caleb's sword fell upon his shoulder, but the tempered mail withstood it, and next instant Marcus had gripped him in his arms. Down they came together to the earth, rolling over each other, the Jew trying to stab the Roman, the Roman to choke the Jew with his bare hand. Then from the Roman lines rose a cry of "Rescue!" and from the Jews a cry of "Take him!"

Out poured the combatants from either side of the market-place by hundreds and by thousands, and there in its centre, round the struggling forms of Caleb and of Marcus, began the fiercest fight of all that day. Where men stood, there they fell, for none would give back, since the Romans, outnumbered though they were, preferred to die rather than leave a wounded and beloved captain a prisoner in the hands of cruel enemies, while the Jews knew too well the value of such a prize to let it escape them easily. So great was the slaughter that presently Marcus and Caleb were hidden beneath the bodies of the fallen. More and more Jews rushed into the fray, but still the Romans pushed onwards with steady valour, fighting shoulder to shoulder and shield to shield.

Then of a sudden with a savage yell a fresh body of Jews, three or four hundred strong, appeared at the west end of the market-place, and charged upon the Romans, taking them in flank. The officer in command saw his danger, and knowing that it was better that his captain should die with those who were already fallen, than

that the whole company should be destroyed and the arms of Caesar suffer a grave defeat, gave orders for a retirement. Steadily, as though they were on parade, and dragging with them those of their wounded comrades who could not walk, the legionaries fell back, heedless of the storm of spears and arrows, reaching their own lines before the outflanking body of Jews could get among them. Then seeing that there was nothing more to be gained, since to attempt to storm the Roman works was hopeless, the victorious Jews also retreated, this time not to the houses behind the tower, but only to the old market wall thirty or forty paces in front of it, which they proceeded to hold and strengthen in the fading light. Seeing that they were lost, such of the wounded Romans as remained upon the field committed suicide, preferring to fall upon their own spears than into the hands of the Jews to be tortured and crucified. Also for this deed they had another reason, since it was the decree of Titus that any soldier who was taken living should be publicly disgraced by name and expelled from the ranks of the legion, and, if recaptured, in addition suffer death or banishment.

Gladly would Marcus have followed their example and thereby though he knew it not, save himself much misery and shame in the future, but he had neither time nor weapon; moreover, so weak was he with struggling and the loss of blood, that even as he and Caleb were dragged by savage hands from among the fallen, he fainted. At first they thought that he was dead, but one of the Jews, who chanced to be a physician by trade, declared that this was not so, and that if he were left quiet for a while, he would come to himself again. Therefore, as they desired to preserve this Prefect alive, either to be held as an hostage or to be executed in sight of the army of Titus, they brought him into the Old Tower, clearing it of their own wounded, except such of them as had already breathed their last. Here they set a guard over him, though of this there seemed to be little need, and went under the command of the victorious Caleb to assist in strengthening the market-wall.

All of these things Miriam watched from above in such an agony of fear and doubt, that at times she thought that she would die. She saw her lover and Caleb fall locked in each other's arms; she saw the hideous fray that raged around them. She saw them dragged from the heap of slain, and at the end of it all, by the last light of day, saw Marcus, living or dead, she knew not which, borne into the tower and there laid upon the ground.

"Take comfort," whispered Nehushta, pitying her dreadful grief. "The lord Marcus lives. If he were dead they would have stripped him and left his body with the others. He lives, and they purpose to hold him captive, else they would have suffered Caleb to put his sword through him, as you noted he wished to do so soon as he found his feet."

"Captive," answered Miriam. "That means that he will be crucified like the others whom we saw yesterday upon the Temple wall."

Nehushta shrugged her shoulders.

"It may be so," she said, "unless he finds means to destroy himself or—is saved."

"Saved! How can he be saved?" Then in her woe the poor girl fell upon her knees clasping her hands and murmuring, "Oh! Jesus Christ whom I serve, teach me how to save Marcus. Oh! Jesus, I love him, although he is not a Christian; love him also because I love him, and teach me how to save him. Or if one must die, take my life for his, oh! take my life for his."

"Cease," said Nehushta, "for I think I hear an answer to your prayer. Look now, he is laid just where the stair starts and not six feet from the stone door that leads down to the cistern. Except for some dead men the tower is empty; also the two sentries stand outside the breach in the brickwork with which it was walled up, because there they find more light, and their prisoner is unarmed and helpless, and cannot attempt escape. Now, if the Roman lives and can stand, why should we not open that door and thrust him through it?"

"But the Jews might see us and discover the secret of the hiding-place of the Essenes, whom they would kill because they have hidden food."

"Once we were the other side of the door, they could never come at them, even if they have time to try," answered Nehushta. "Before ever they could burst the door the stone trap beneath can be closed and the roof of the stair that leads to it, let down by knocking away the props and flooded in such a fashion, that a week of labour would not clear it out again. Oh! have no fear, the Essenes know and have guarded against this danger."

Miriam threw her arms about the neck of Nehushta and kissed her.

"We will try, now, we will try," she whispered, "and if we fail, why then we can die with him."

"To you that prospect may be pleasing, but I have no desire to do with the lord Marcus," answered Nehushta drily. "Indeed, although I like him well, were it not for your sake I should leave him to his chance. Nay, do not answer or give way to too much hope. Remember, perhaps he is dead, as he seems to be."

"Yes, yes," said Miriam wildly, "we must find out. Shall we go now?"

"Aye, while there is still a little light, for these steps are break-neck in the dark. No, do you follow me."

So on they glided down the ancient, darksome stairway, where owls hooted and bats flittered in their faces. Now they were at the last flight, which descended to a little recess set at right angles to the steps and flush with the floor of the basement, for once the door of the stairway had opened here. Thus a person standing on the last stair could not be seen by any in the tower. They reached the step and halted. Then very stealthily Nehushta went on to her hands and knees and thrust her head forward so that she could look into the base of the tower. It was dark as the grave, only a faint gleam of starlight reflected from his armour showed where Marcus lay, so close that she could touch him with her hand. Also almost opposite to her the gloom was relieved by a patch of faint grey light. Here it was that the wall had been broken in, for Nehushta could see the shadows of the sentries crossing and recrossing before the ragged opening.

She leant yet lower towards Marcus and listened. He was not



dead for he breathed. More, she heard him stir his hand and thought that she could see it move upwards towards his wounded head. Then she drew back.

"Lady," she whispered, "he lives, and I think he is awake. Now you must do the rest as your wit may teach you how, for if I speak to him he will be frightened, but your voice he may remember if he has his senses."

At these words all her doubts and fears seemed to vanish from Miriam's heart, her hand grew steady and her brain clear, for Nature told her that if she wished to save her lover she would need both clear brain and steady hand. The timid, love-racked girl was transformed into a woman of iron will and purpose. In her turn she knelt and crept a little forward from the stair so that her face hung over the face of Marcus. Then she spoke in a soft whisper.

"Marcus, awake and listen, Marcus; but I pray of you do not stir or make a noise. I am Miriam, whom once you knew."

At this name the dim form beneath her seemed to quiver, and the lips muttered, "Now I know that I am dead. Well, it is better than I hoped for. Speak on, sweet shade of Miriam."

"Nay, Marcus, you are not dead, you are only wounded, and I am not a spirit, I am a woman, that woman whom once you knew down by the banks of Jordan. I have come to save you, I and Nehushta. If you will obey what I tell you, and if you have the strength to stand, we can guide you into a secret place where the Essenes are hidden, who for my sake will take care of you until you are able to return to the Romans. If you do not escape I fear that the Jews will crucify you."

"By Bacchus, so do I," said the whisper beneath, "and that will be worse than being beaten by Caleb. But this is a dream. I know it is a dream. If it were Miriam I should see her, or be able to touch her. It is but a dream of Miriam. Let me dream on," and he turned his head.

Miriam thought for a moment. Time was short and it was necessary to make him understand. Well, it was not difficult. Slowly she bent a little lower and pressed her lips upon his.

"Marcus," she went on, "I kiss you to show you that I am no dream, and how needful it is that you should be awakened. Had I light I could prove to you that I am Miriam by your ring which is upon my fingers and your pearls which are about my neck."

"Cease," he answered, "most beloved, I was weak and wandering, now I know that this is not a dream, and I thank Caleb who has brought us together again, against his wish I think. Say, what must I do?"

"Can you stand?" asked Miriam.

"Perhaps. I am not sure. I will try."

"Nay, wait. Nehushta, come hither, you are stronger than I. Now, while I unlatch the secret door, do you lift him up. Be swift, I hear the guard stirring without."

Nehushta glided forward and knelt by the wounded man, placing her arms beneath him.

"Ready," she said. "Here is the iron."

Miriam took it, and stepping to the wall, felt with her fingers for the crack, which in that darkness it took time to find. At length she had it, and inserting the thin hooked iron, lifted the hidden latch and pulled. The stone door was very heavy and she needed all her strength to move it. At last it began to swing.

"Now," she said to Nehushta, who straightened herself and dragged the wounded Marcus to his feet.

"Quick, quick!" said Miriam, "the guards enter."

Supported by Nehushta, Marcus took three tottering steps and reached the open door. Here, on its very threshold indeed, his strength failed him, for he was wounded in the knee as well as in the head. Groaning, "I cannot," he fell to the ground, dragging the old Libyan with him, his breastplate clattering loud against the

stone threshold. The sentry without heard the sound and called to a companion to give him the lantern. In an instant Nehushta was up again, and seizing Marcus by his right arm, began to drag him through the opening, while Miriam, setting her back against the swinging stone to keep it from closing, pushed against his feet.

The lantern appeared round the angle of the broken masonry.

"For your life's sake!" said Miriam, and Nehushta dragged her hardest at the heavy, helpless body of the fallen man. He moved slowly. It was too late. If that light fell on him all was lost. In an instant Miriam took her resolve. With an effort she swung the door wide, then as Nehushta dragged again she sprang forward, keeping in the shadow of the wall. The Jew who held the lantern, alarmed by the sounds within, entered hastily and, catching his foot against the body of a dead man who lay there, stumbled so that he fell upon his knee. In her hand Miriam held the key, and as the guard regained his feet, but not before its light fell upon her, she struck with it at the lamp, breaking and extinguishing it.

Then she turned to fly, for as she knew well the stone would now be swinging on its pivot.

Alas! her chance had gone, for the man, stretching out his arm, caught her about the middle and held her fast, shouting loudly for help. Miriam struggled, she battered him with the iron and dragged at him with her left hand, but in vain, for in that grip she was helpless as a child who fights against its nurse. While she fought thus she heard the dull thud of the closing stone, and even in her despair rejoiced, knowing that until Marcus was beyond its threshold it could not shut. Ceasing from her useless struggle she gathered the forces of her mind. Marcus was safe; the door was shut and could not be opened from the further side until another iron was procured; the guard had seen nothing. But her escape was impossible. Her part was played, only one thing remained for her to do—keep silence and his secret.

Men bearing lights were rushing into the tower. Her right hand, that which held the iron, was free, and lest it should tell a tale she cast the instrument from her towards that side of the deserted place which she knew was buried deep in fallen stones, fragments of rotted timber and dirt from the nests of birds. Then she stood still. Now they were upon her, Caleb at the head of them.

"What is it?" he cried.

"I know not," answered the guard. "I heard a sound as of clanking armour and ran in, when someone struck the lantern from my hand, a strong rascal with whom I have struggled sorely, notwithstanding the blows that he rained upon me with his sword. See, I hold him fast."

They held up their lights and saw a beautiful dishevelled maid, small and frail of stature, whereon they laughed out loud.

"A strong thief, truly," said one. "Why, it is a girl! Do you summon the watch every time a girl catches hold of you?"

Before the words died upon the speaker's lips, another man called out, "The Roman! The Prefect has gone! Where is the prisoner?" and with a roar of wrath they began to search the place, as a cat searches for the mouse that escapes her. Only Caleb stood still and stared at the girl.

"Miriam!" he said.

"Yes, Caleb," she answered quietly. "This is a strange meeting, is it not? Why do you break in thus upon my hiding-place?"

"Woman," he shouted mad with anger, "where have you hidden the Prefect Marcus?"

"Marcus?" she answered. "Is he here? I did not know it. Well, I saw a man run from the tower, perhaps that was he. Be swift and you may catch him."

"No man left the tower," answered the other sentry. "Seize that woman, she has hidden the Roman in some secret place. Seize her and search."

So they caught Miriam, bound her and began running round and round the wall. "Here is a staircase," called a man, "doubtless he has gone up it. Come, friends."

Then taking lights with them, they mounted the stairs to the very top, but found no one. Even as they came down again a trumpet blew, and from without rose the sound of a mighty shouting. "What happens now?" said one.

As he spoke an officer appeared in the opening of the tower. "Begone," he cried. "Back to the Temple, taking your prisoner with you. Titus himself is upon us at the head of two fresh legions, mad at the loss of his Prefect and so many of his soldiers. Why! where is the wounded Roman, Marcus?"

"He has vanished," answered Caleb sullenly. "Vanished" here he glared at Miriam with jealous and vindictive hate, and in his place has left to us this woman, the grand-daughter of Benoni, Miriam, who strangely enough was once his love."

"Is it so?" said the officer. "Girl, tell us what you have done with the Roman, or die. Come, we have no time to lose."

"I have done nothing. I saw a man walk past the sentries, that is all."

"She lies," said the officer contemptuously. "Here, kill this traitress."

A man advanced lifting his sword, and Miriam, thinking that all was over, hid her eyes while she waited for the blow. Before it fell, however, Caleb whispered something to the officer which caused him to change his mind.

"So be it," he said. "Hold your hand and take this woman with you to the Temple, there to be tried by her grandfather Benoni and the other judges of the Sanhedrim. They have means to cause the most obstinate to speak, whereas death seals the lips for ever. Swift, now, swift, for already they are fighting on the market-place."

So they seized Miriam and dragged her away from the Old Tower, which an hour later was taken possession of by the Romans, who destroyed it with the other buildings.

(To be continued)

THE Shah of Persia could not tear himself away from Paris till Sunday—putting off his departure from day to day. Paris saw him depart with the greatest regret, for not only had his Majesty made himself most popular, but he bought so many things that his purchases filled three huge luggage vans. Further, the Shah's hotel bill for three weeks' stay mounted up to nearly 5,000*fr.* His Majesty spent most of his last day at a restaurant in the Bois, writing on pictorial postcards to the Governors of various Persian towns. He was so pleased with the notice taken of his doings by the various French newspapers that he had the journalists assembled at the station to witness his departure presented to him and thanked them warmly. He travelled to Russia by special train, at the mild speed of twenty-five miles an hour—in deference to His Majesty's dislike for rapid transit. The Tsar will take him to the Russian Army Manœuvres for a review. The Shah has gathered many useful ideas during his stay in Europe, and one of his first acts on his return will be the founding of three eye hospitals in Persia.

NEARLY twenty-four years after her death, a public monument to our Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, has been erected at Darmstadt, the gift of the women of Hesse. Her son, the present Grand Duke, was present at the unveiling with his only child, little Princess Elizabeth, together with Princess Alice's eldest daughter, Princess Louis of Battenberg, and her children.



A CHARMING TEA-JACKET of shot mauve and white silk trimmed with Irish point (which might well be imitation, so excellent are the new makes), with white mousseline de soie undersleeves and inner vest. The skirt is of accordion-pleated soft silk or crepe de Chine, with long sash ends of the shot mauve silk.



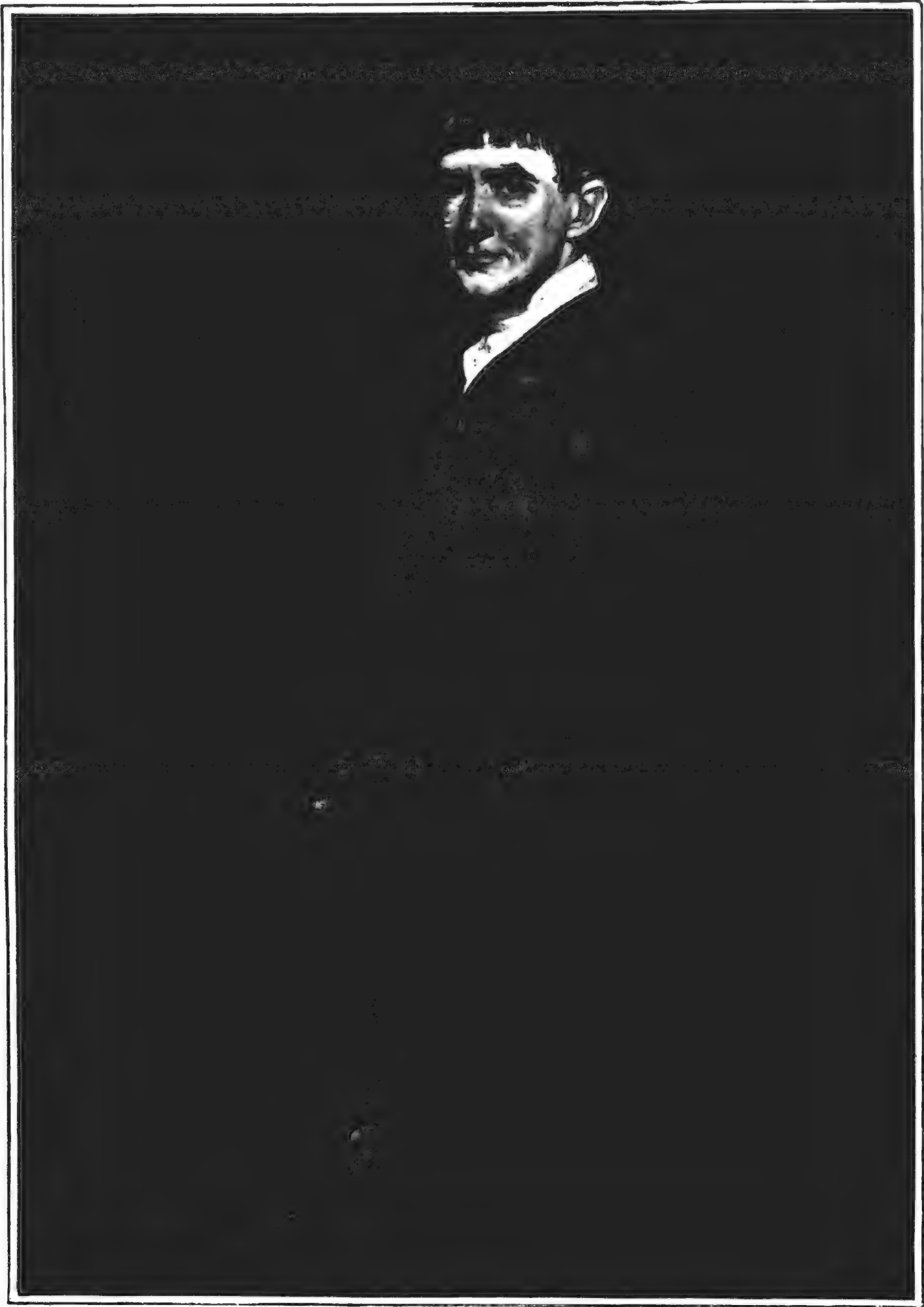
AN ELEGANT TEA-GOWN of turquoise blue glacé silk, veiled in cream accordion-pleated chiffon, which is trimmed with a profusion of coloured lace. Transparent guipure yoke, soft taffetas ceinture, and choux on shoulders.



A MORNING GOWN of dove grey cashmere falling in soft folds from the hips, where the fulness is arranged in tiny tucks. Lace yoke of Paris coloured guipure. There are three rows of graduated ribbon velvet at foot of the skirt. The same velvet in the smallest size trims the turned-back cuffs of the sleeves and the collar-band and waist-belt.

# LATEST FASHIONS IN INDOOR COSTUMES

From Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris



"PHIL MAY, ESQ."

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY J. J. SHANNON, A.R.A., EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY. REPRODUCED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. HUGHES





DRAWN BY W. T. MAYD

Our illustration shows a camp of the Cape Mounted Rifles situated on a spur of the Drakensberg, in the Barkley East District, Cape Colony, immediately after one of the, if not the, worst snowstorms ever known in these parts. The storm started in the night (snow, however, having previously fallen during the day) and continued throughout the night, that night, and part

of the following day. Many of the men, nearly all of whom were living in small parrot tents, had to be dug out—some more, dead than alive—and it is really wonderful that no lives were lost. The unfortunate troop-horses and mules, tied up to their pocket ropes, suffered severely. Forty of them succumbed to the deadly cold, or were buried beneath the

drifting snow. An extraordinary sight presented itself when the storm was over. The mountains as far as the eye could see were covered in snow, and the point of the sun when it did come out was absolutely blinding. The altitude of the camp was 7,500 feet above sea level.

A SNOWSTORM IN CAPE COLONY: A CAMP OF THE CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES ON A SPUR OF THE DRAKENSBERG

FROM A SKETCH BY H. FRYE LAMBERTSON



THE GUNS OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE AT SPION KOP



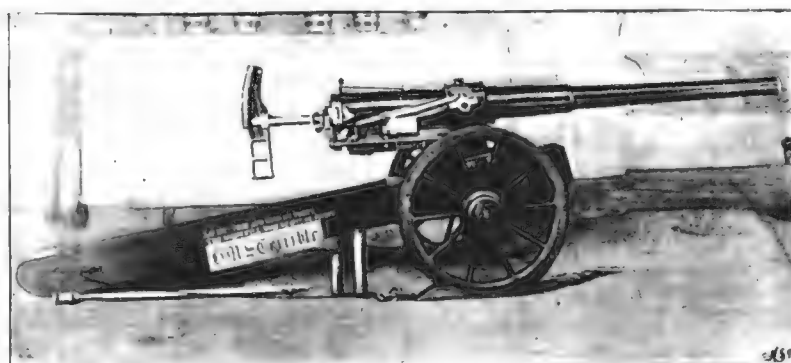
NEARING LADYSMITH: HAULING UP A BIG GUN



TAKING A NAVAL 4.7IN. GUN INTO ACTION NEAR PAARDEBERG



THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN THE ATTACK ON HELPMAKAAR HEIGHTS



A 12 POUNDER ON WHEELS



A 17IN. GUN ON A TEMPORARY PLATFORM

THE cruiser *Terrible* arrived at Plymouth on Tuesday afternoon from China. On entering Plymouth Sound she saluted the flag of Admiral Lord Charles Scott with seventeen guns. The vessel's arrival was awaited with great interest. She afterwards disembarked invalids and time-expired men, and in the evening sailed for Portsmouth. Arriving there on Wednesday, the gallant commander and his crew were accorded a splendid reception.

The *Terrible* was commissioned on March 24, 1868, by Captain Charles G. Robinson, and the four years and a half that have passed since then have formed a memorable commission. The best part of 1893 was spent by the *Terrible* in making a series of experimental trials with Belleville boilers with which the ship is fitted. In November, however, came a sudden order for the cruiser to proceed to Malta with a relief crew for the *Camperdown*. The passage of over 2,200 miles was accomplished in five days. In February, 1899, a second voyage with relics was made to Malta. In September of that year the *Terrible* was ordered to China by way of the Cape to relieve the *Powerful*, which was to return by the same route. By the time the *Terrible* had reached the Cape war had broken out, and this cruiser, as well as the *Powerful*, which arrived a little later, were temporarily attached to the Cape Squadron. The *Terrible* reached Simon's Bay on October 14, and a week later Captain Scott was able to comply with Sir George White's request for naval guns to be sent up to Ladysmith. Four 12-pounders and two 4.7in. guns on

mountings designed by Captain Scott himself were despatched. The guns reached Ladysmith just in the nick of time. A contingent from the *Powerful* went up to Ladysmith with these guns. The men of the Naval Brigade inside Ladysmith rendered invaluable service. The naval guns were the only ones capable of replying adequately to the Boers' famous "Long Tom." One of the 4.7in. guns, specially trained on "Long Tom," was named "Lady Anne," and it ultimately "knocked out" the fatal "Long Tom," which had to be sent to Pretoria for repairs. In all the attacks on Ladysmith the Naval Brigade gallantly played their part in defending the place. The Brigade from the *Powerful* came home at the end of the siege, and within six weeks of that time was ashore in England. The men were given a tremendous reception, and had the honour of being inspected by Queen Victoria. Another body of bluejackets was sent up to assist Lord Methuen's operations. How gallantly this detachment behaved will be fresh in the memories of all. Who can forget the story of Graspan, where Commander Ethelston and Major Plumble, R.M.L.I., were killed, and gallant Midshipman Huddart fell mortally wounded?

With regard to the *Terrible*, a brigade was landed for the defence of Durban. Thirty guns, mounted on Captain Scott's mountings, were landed in forty-eight hours, and Captain Scott became Commandant of the town. Then at length came the eagerly awaited order for a Naval Brigade to join General Sir Redvers Buller's force. Two hours after the order was received,

two special trains containing the Naval Brigade started north. Very soon the Brigade was to see some hard fighting. At Colenso six naval guns were attached to Colonel Long's batteries. The greatest difficulty was experienced in bringing the guns into action owing to the nature of the ground. The battle of Colenso was, as every one knows, disastrous to us, and our men had to retreat. Lieutenant Ogilvy, who had to report on the work of the Naval Brigade, said:—"The way Nos. 1 and 2 guns' crews of the *Terrible* got their waggons out of the drift under heavy fire from shell and rifle was quite up to the standard expected of all seamen." Again, at Spion Kop the Naval Brigade rendered a good account of themselves. Nor must we forget how, afterwards, six 12-pounders were hauled to the top of Zwaart Kop, a steep kopje—a very tough job, but much relished by the bluejackets. Spion Kop having been found too difficult a nut to crack, the attack was directed on Vaal Krantz, and there again the naval guns made excellent practice. At Gun Hill they covered the advance of the troops, and silenced a Boer gun that had opened on Hussar Hill, and another that had caused much mischief from under Monte Cristo. The Naval Brigade were admirable, too, in hauling their guns over the roughest ground and across drifts during the advance on Ladysmith. Before the final attempt to reach the place was made the bluejackets had a terribly hard task in getting their guns over the drift, the bridge having broken down. Once in position, the guns did splendid service, and the Naval



CAPTAIN T. H. M. HEDWORTH LAMPTON  
Late of H.M.S. *Powerful*

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAND SEARCHLIGHT

CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT  
of H.M.S. *Terrible*

Brigade deserve no slight praise for their work in the relief of Ladysmith.

When at length our men marched into the town, there was a joyful meeting between the men of the *Terrible*, who had borne so brilliant a part in the relief, and the men of the *Powerful* who had been through the siege. The former brought tobacco and grog for the *Powerfuls*, but as their route lay through the camp and hospital of Intombi they were pretty well plundered by the time they saw them. On March 7, 1900, the *Powerfuls* returned to their ship, and continued their interrupted homeward journey; and four days later the *Terribles* were sent down to rejoin their ship at Durban, en route for China, where they arrived just in time to form part of the Peking Relief Force. The *Terrible* left Hong Kong for Taku with a detachment of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and military details. Captain Scott also shipped a quantity of material for the construction of his improvised gun carriages. The cruiser's arrival at Taku was most opportune, for the situation had become critical for lack of guns. Captain Scott's foresight was therefore highly appreciated. The relief of Admiral Seymour's force was credited to the work of the *Terrible's* gun, the only one capable of effectively replying to the Chinese artillery. Two more twelve-pounders, with gun crews from the *Terrible*, were sent to Tientsin, and after some stubborn artillery duels, the place was captured on July 13, 1900. Then followed the capture of Peking and the relief of the Legations, the men of the *Terrible* marching into the city next morning. Thus the *Terrible* took part in the relief of two historical towns—Ladysmith and Peking. The *Terrible* afterwards took the prize for gunnery practice on the China station, but she has since been beaten by the *Ocean*.

## Social Changes in China

FROM A SHANGHAI CORRESPONDENT

THE increased proportion of ladies in the community, together with greatly decreased incomes, has had the natural effect of toning down the boisterous displays in which China bachelors formerly indulged—especially after dinner. But they still recrudescence on such occasions as the 4th of July; and the true spirit of that glorious day is well illustrated in the story of the commands given by a genial U.S. Consul to his son: "Now, sonny, I'm a bit too old to take a hand myself; but you will go around to the club; you will remember the honour of your country; and you will stand champagne to every man jack that comes along—even if you have to come home on your hands and knees!"

It is, of course, only natural that the merchant skipper, also, should have changed somewhat with the times, from his old quid-loving predecessor. But that nautical language still retains, on

see the bird. "Well," said the skipper, on their return forward, "did he talk well, gentlemen?" "No, captain," they sorrowfully replied; "we can't exactly say he talked *well*; but he talked very *distinctly*!"

To return to the Chinese—for the greatest change of all has been in their case. Instead of broken "pidgeon," many now—thanks to Queen's College, Hong Kong, and similar institutions—speak in almost Johnsonian periods. A Chinese clerk, on being asked whether a punkah coolie who sat all day facing a blank wall, and toiling like an automaton, could not read and pull at the same time, or whether he did not, perhaps, know how to read, crushed the present writer with a judicial: "I think that, if the man had had sufficient education to enable him to read, he would not have accepted his present position!"

But, too often, this erudition is the merest scaffolding, with no solid masonry behind it; and represents a thirst for such knowledge only as can be immediately turned into dollars. A young Cantonese, for instance, speaking in all seriousness and in the deliberate style to which the present Chinese Minister to St. James's has accustomed his after-dinner audiences, recently told a bird-fancying foreigner, for whom he had obtained some rather rare little blue specimens: "These—are most—mys—terious birds. They—nevah—lay—eggs. But—when a frog—becomes—very—old,—he—turns into one—of—these—ve—ry cu—ri—ous birds!"

At an examination for Chinese, held five years ago by the writer, the dictation was given from a *Times* leader on South Africa; and a passage commencing: "The Dutch no less than the other Powers have an interest in maintaining the political equilibrium"—or something of the sort—was rendered by one highly educated youth: "The *Ducks* no less than the other *birds* . . . " etc.

A more extraordinary example—on the same occasion—of this mechanical ability (which is in some measure characteristic of the Chinese), was that of a particularly bright young Cantonese, educated at Queen's College, Hong Kong, who astonished the examiners by his minute knowledge of the world's geography. Even questions as to the counties of England, the Duchies of Germany, the length of the Orinoco, and the like, were disposed of by him with startling ease. As the purest matter of form, he was finally asked something about his own country, when, to our astonishment, he showed the most dead-blank ignorance. Not a river, not a provincial town, did he know. His explanation—true or not I do not know, but, in any case, a curious excuse for a man of twenty-two to offer—was that, owing to marked ability, he had, in his college career, been jumped over a class—which happened, unfortunately, to be the only one in which the geography of China was taught!



THE LAST STAND OF THE CHINESE AT LANG FANG

occasion, much of its pristine flavour, was recently brought home to some missionary passengers on a China coasting steamer, who, hearing that the captain owned a famous talking parrot, asked to

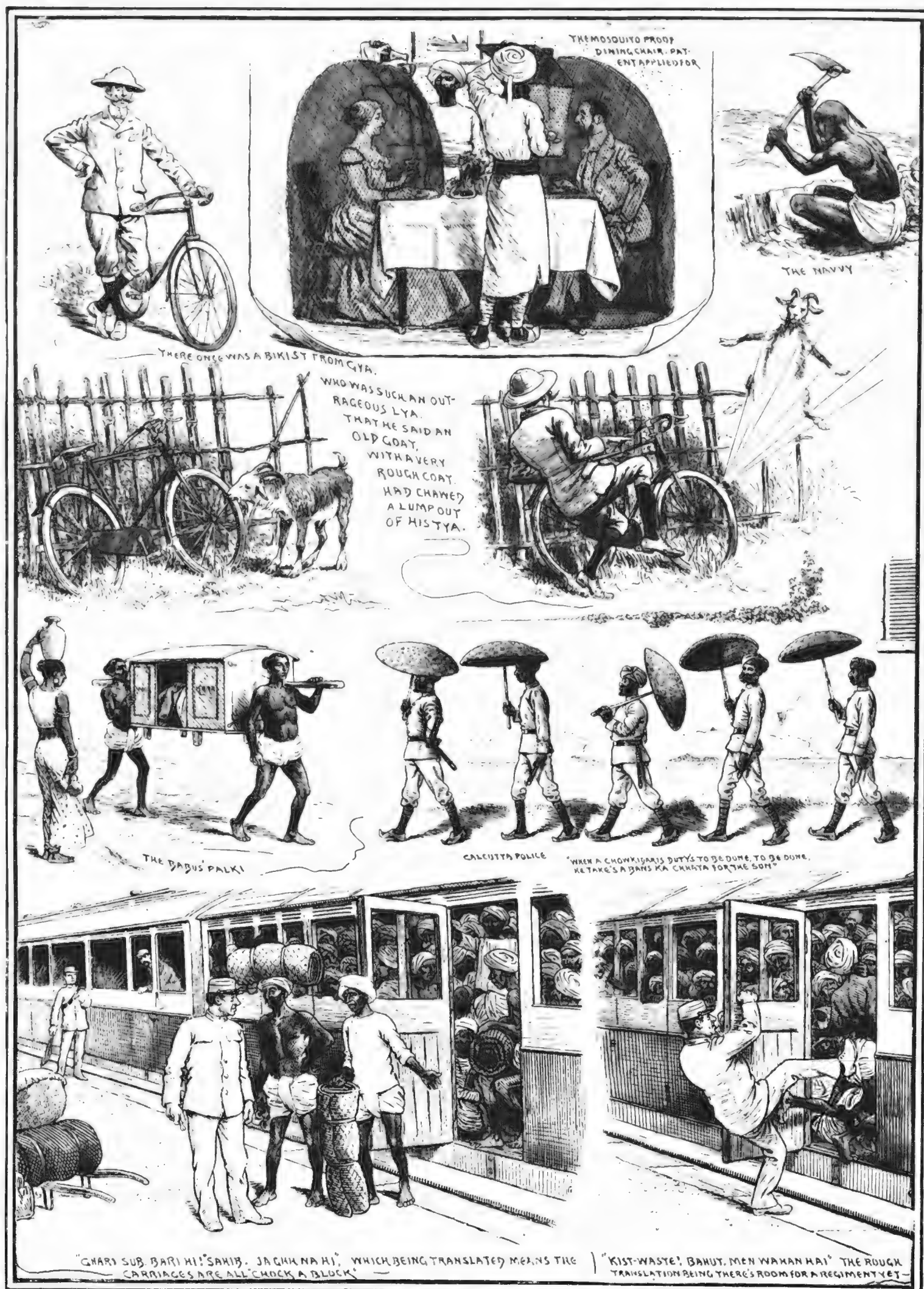


MARINES CROSSING THE PEIHO RIVER



BLUEJACKETS ESCORTING WOUNDED ON THE MARCH TO TIENTSIN

THE RETURN OF THE "TERRIBLE": NAVAL BRIGADES IN SOUTH AFRICA AND CHINA



DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

FROM SKETCHES BY W. H. DEAKIN

MEMORIES OF AN INDIAN TOUR: LEAVES FROM A TRAVELLER'S DIARY





"A THUNDERSTORM ON THE RIVER"

DRAWN BY R. W. MACHETT, A.R.A.



ALMS FOR POOR PRISONERS: RUSSIAN STUDENTS IN THE STREET

DRAWN BY F. DE HAEN





ENTS IN THE STREETS OF ST. PETERSBURG ON THEIR WAY TO SIBERIA

DRAWN BY P. DE HAENEN



1. Landing the fish. 2. Sardinières waiting on the beach for the factory bell to summon them to work. 3. Market women arranging fresh sardine baskets. 4. A fishwife waiting for the fleet's return. 5. In the sardine factory; women arranging the fish ready for boiling in oil.

# THE SARDINE INDUSTRY AT CONCARNEAU, BRITTANY

CHARACTER SKETCHES BY "MARS"





A STUDENT'S SITTING-ROOM IN THE WOMEN'S BRANCH



SOUTH BANK, ONE OF THE RESIDENCES OF THE WOMEN STUDENTS

### Women Gardeners

WHEN the Countess of Aberdeen said, on the occasion when she presented diplomas to successful students of the Gardening School promoted by the Royal Botanical Society, that the lady gardener would come to find herself preferred generally to her brother professional, it must have been news to many people that there were any lady gardeners. "The sweet girl graduates" are no longer only the dream of a poet, but have for some years been actualities. Women are slowly making their way into callings which have hitherto been looked upon as men's, and a lady, we read, has been admitted to the bar in Paris. There is no reason, therefore, to wonder at women becoming gardeners, for in many ways the occupation is eminently suited to them. Of course, the rough digging does not seem suited to women, but few men have the taste and patience that a woman can bring to floriculture. The Horticultural College, Swanley, admits women as well as men as students, and from all accounts, the women succeed the best. The college was established in 1887 for the purpose of providing a sound education in horticulture and the allied subjects. It is situated in a district well known for its nursery and market gardens, and it aims at giving a thorough fundamental training to those men and women who wish to become market growers, and gardeners on private estates. The course is also useful in fitting students to become landowners, lecturers, stewards and colonists. The College stands in forty-three acres of freehold land, and the ground includes about two acres of flower garden, twelve of kitchen and market garden, and seventeen of fruit plantation. There are numerous glass houses for market produce. The main buildings include lecture-rooms, class-rooms, and laboratories, where most of the science teaching is carried on. Adjoining are the glass-house, stables, workshops, farm buildings, apiary, dairy, and poultry-houses—for the management of the dairy, the keeping of bees and poultry, are included in the course. The houses in which the women students live are within a few minutes' walk of the College, and everything seems to show that their comfort is considered. One of the lecture-rooms has a curious history. It was originally the saloon of the *Bessemer* steamer, designed by Sir Henry Bessemer to get rid of the rocking effects of the steamer. The trial of the steamer was not satisfactory, and the saloon was set up at Swanley by Sir Edward Reid, Sir Henry Bessemer's partner,

where it was made into a billiard-room. In 1889 Sir Edward's house and grounds were acquired, and have ever since been utilised by the Horticultural College, and the saloon became one of the lecture halls. It is satisfactory to learn of the hundreds of men and women trained at the College many have since done remarkably well.

### Madame Le Brun and Her Daughter

THE well-known picture which we reproduce in part this week as a supplement, is one of the several portraits of herself and her daughter which Madame Le Brun painted. It is remarkable evidence of the fidelity of these portraits, says Eastlake, that although the position of the figure in each is different, the features and expression are identical. Madame Vigée Le Brun was born in 1755 and died in 1842. She was a great beauty, and for long the fashion of both Paris and Versailles; but more than this, she was a most successful portrait painter of almost European reputation. As a child she displayed remarkable talent, and when no more than sixteen she had begun painting the portraits of sundry and various people attached to the Court of France. In time she came to be the fashionable Court painter of her day, and at the age of twenty-eight she was made a member of the Académie of France. Her house at one time was the rendezvous of a number of distinguished people, and among the many celebrities whose portraits she painted may be mentioned the Prince of Wales, Marie Antoinette, who was her intimate friend, and Lord Byron. During the Revolution she spent her time travelling in Europe. She married Jean Baptiste Pierre Le Brun, a Parisian picture-dealer, author and expert, and died in Paris at the age of eighty-seven. She possessed, says one appreciation which alludes to her as "the French Angelica Kauffmann," "a tender, soft, sympathetic talent. . . . She has in her portraits, in an especially refined manner, fixed that age when noble ladies desired to forget the Marquise and Duchess, to exhibit only the wife and mother, and in their simple white robes, the scarf thrown modestly over the shoulders, the unconstraint of the attitude, believed they had effected a return to antique simplicity." Many of Madame Le Brun's pictures are in the Louvre, while one portrait of herself hangs in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence.

### The Sardine Fishery at Concarneau

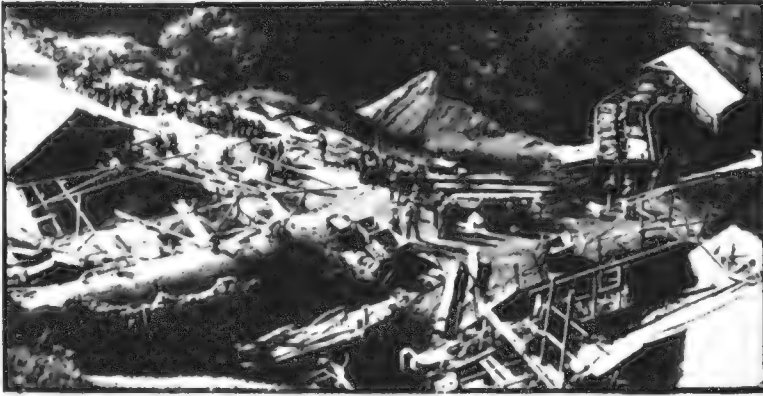
AS everyone knows, sardine-fishing and the preparation of the famous *sardons à l'huile* forms one of the chief marine industries of Brittany, and like that other world-famed French speciality—the production of champagne—the industry is famous all over the world. Concarneau, Douarnenez, Audierne and Nantes are all famed for their sardine fisheries; but Concarneau is the chief centre of the trade, for it employs no less than six hundred fishing-boats. The return of these boats, after their day's work off the rocky coast, is anxiously looked for by a crowd of porters, who wait to carry the baskets of fish from the boats into the respective *sardineries*. The delicious little fishes called sardines are of various qualities and growths, hence their purchase price from the fishers by the *sardinerie* owners varies from three to thirty-two francs per thousand. Before being landed they are sorted, according to quality, into baskets each containing 210 fishes—the surplus ten over the 200 being meant to represent a customary ration of gin which the fishers receive beyond the bargain. As the fish have to be dealt with without the slightest delay as soon as landed, the girls and men employed by the *sardineries* have to hold themselves in readiness when the fishing fleet is expected, so that there may be no delay when the boats reach the landing-place, and this no matter whether the boats come in in the daytime or at night time. Very often you may see these workers lying on the seaweed-covered beaches, having a siesta before their night's work. Each factory has a bell with a characteristic note, and directly this sounds the workers repair to the *sardinerie* with all possible speed. The first operation consists of cutting the heads off the fishes, after which they are arranged in wire baskets for their subsequent plunging into boiling oil. All this is women's work, whereas filling up the familiar tin boxes and sealing them, which is done by very ingenious machines, is attended to by the men. An inspector then shakes each finished box and listens, and only those that do not give out any sound of liquid are passed for the trade. Any air inside the box is fatal, and defective boxes are thrown aside to be treated over again. The Concarneau dresses are so striking that a numerous colony of painters have made that picturesque spot in Brittany an open-air studio, and one and all paint and repaint, the quaint market, the harbour, and the *sardinerie* scenes.



THE NEW ROSE GARDEN  
FOR TRAINING MEN AND WOMEN GARDENERS: THE HORTICULTURAL COLLEGE, SWANLEY



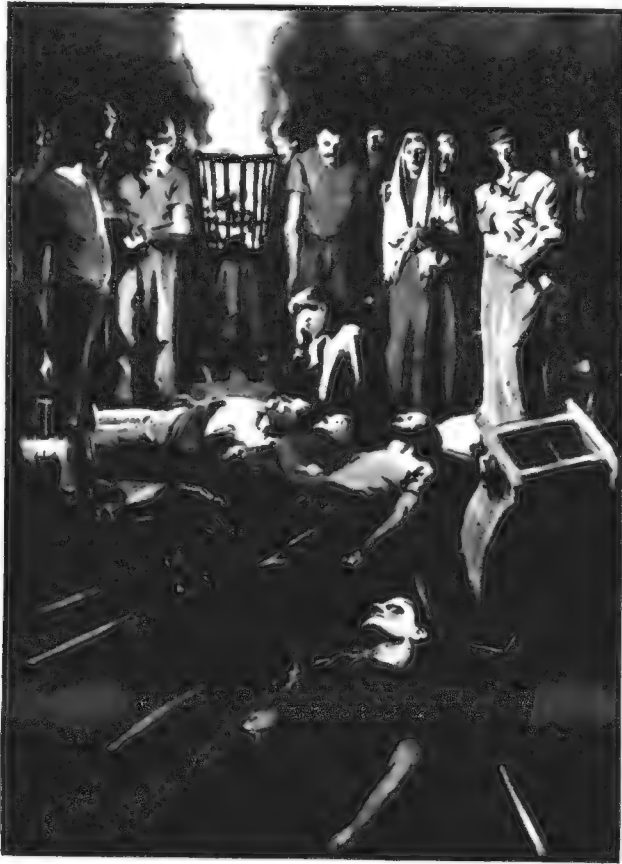
THE OLD "BESSEMER" SALOON, NOW A LECTURE-ROOM



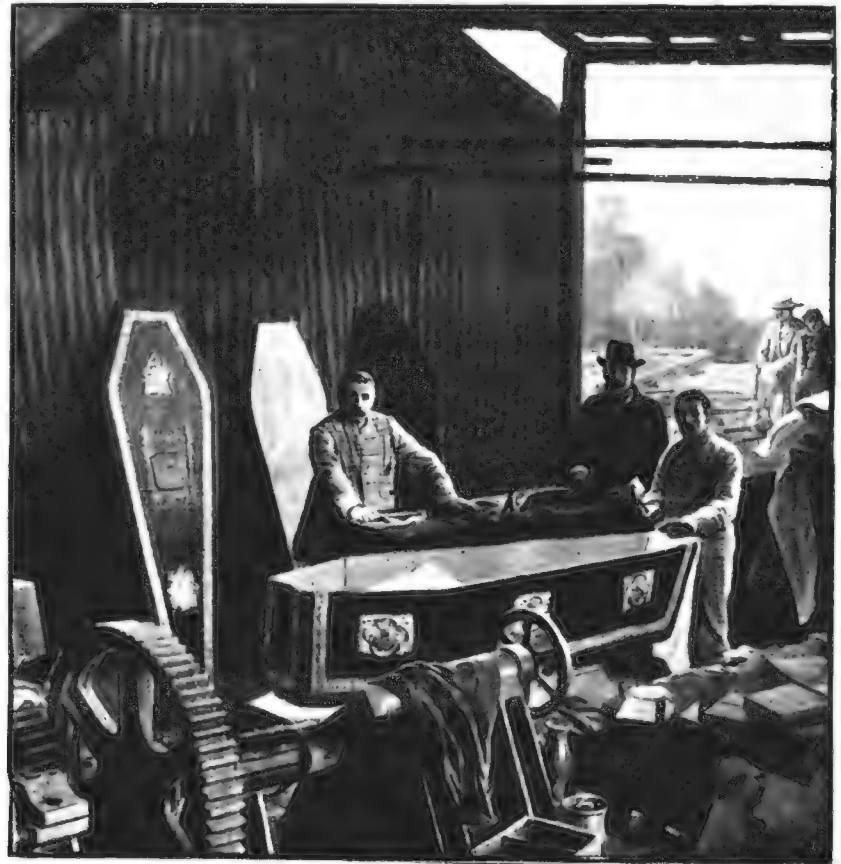
THE WRECKED JUNE, SHOWING THE MACHINERY AND ENGINE-HOUSE BLOWN AWAY



ON THE ROAD TO KEMBLA MINE: CARTS TAKING COFFINS TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER



AT THE PIT'S MOUTH: THE RETURN OF THE SEARCH PARTY



MAKING COFFINS FOR THE VICTIMS



CONVEYING MAJOR MACCABE'S BODY FROM THE MINE



BRINGING THE BODIES FROM THE MINE

A terrible disaster occurred at the Mount Kembla Coal Mine, near Wollongong, N.S.W., on July 31. The Mount Kembla Coal Mine, one of the most important in the State, was suddenly fired in some mysterious way, and a most terrible explosion occurred, resulting in over ninety deaths. Rescue parties were immediately formed and commenced their work. Two would-be rescuers fell victims to the effects of the deadly afterdamp,

namely, Major Maccabe and Mr. McMurry. Up to the present, this is the worst mining disaster that has occurred in Australia, and relief funds have been started by the Mayor of Sydney and others, to which the public are responding freely. The State Government is also taking action on behalf of the bereaved. Our photographs are by Kerry and Co., Sydney.

THE WORST MINING DISASTER THAT HAS OCCURRED IN AUSTRALIA: THE EXPLOSION AT MOUNT KEMBLA MINE



## "Secret and Confidential"

BY W. MOY THOMAS.

STOLEN documents, supposed to be of high political importance, have played a conspicuous part in pieces of the class known as "drawing-room melodramas," since Mr. Scott's version of Sardou's *Zola* was brought out at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre nearly a quarter of a century ago; but rarely has this now familiar item of the playwright's stock-in-trade been employed with so reckless a disregard of probability as in Mr. Victor Widnell's play, which, after an experimental production in Liverpool, and a subsequent career of some months on tour in the suburbs, has been revised by the author, provided with a new title, and reproduced at the COMEDY Theatre. *Secret and Confidential* (originally called *A Woman of Impulse*) has for its most prominent personage a mysterious foreigner and political intriguer named Navourac, who, though he is associated in some undefined way with Italian anarchists and dynamitards, has contrived to become a favoured guest in the mansion in St. James's Place, of no less a person than "the Right Hon. Sir George Langford, Bart., M.P.," a Cabinet Minister. Navourac, as he is good enough to explain, has in his service in this country, as well as abroad, a number of spies and coadjutors, and he conceives the daring scheme of adding to the list the minister's beautiful and accomplished wife, Lady Langford. She is a wildly extravagant person; but in this case money is not the agent which the arch spy employs; neither is love one of the factors in the problem. Navourac, in brief, has in his possession certain documents which prove that the lady's respectable father, the Hon. Henry Challace, has stolen and sold for five thousand pounds a certain plan of march in Western Africa, whereby a British expedition, headed by the son of Sir George's dearest friend, Lord Westerby, is believed to have been betrayed and cut off by a hostile native force. Lady Langford refuses, but in the end is compelled, by threats of exposure, to yield and even to write and sign a confession of her father's perfidy dictated to her by Navourac. Thereupon her persecutor waxes bolder. Hiding in some village near Milan is a political assassin whom it is very desirable to bring to England, and he insists that Lady Langford shall set out on this delicate mission. The fugitive dynamitard is to be passed off as Lady Langford's father, and it is pointed out that no one will doubt the word of the wife of a British Cabinet Minister.

But bad news comes from Milan. The assassin has been arrested, and Navourac in his turn becomes a fugitive from justice. In this strait he prevails on Lady Langford to go to his chambers and destroy certain compromising political papers, the inducement being that his accomplice will thereby have an opportunity of burning her confession. Navourac's valet, however, refuses to allow the safe to be unlocked, and, though the hour is late, Lord Westerby appears on the scene, as does the lady's husband. By what ingenious device, on the suggestion of the amiable Lord Westerby, the jealous suspicions of Sir George are finally allayed, there is no need to tell. The third act is devoted to this purpose, and the curtain falls upon the strange spectacle of the British Cabinet Minister actively screening both the receiver of the stolen State documents and the thief who sold his country's secrets for five thousand pounds. The play has been mounted with great care, and is on the whole extremely well acted. Miss Gertrude Kingston imparted to the sorrows of the persecuted Lady Langford a degree of sincerity which, again and again, fairly overcame the obtrusive artificiality of her surroundings, and Mr. Frederick Kerr won sympathy throughout as the genial, though undemonstrative, Sir George. Excellent pieces of character acting also were Mr. Aubrey Smith's Challace and Mr. Mayeur's Navourac.



The Queen The Prince of Wales The King Prince Albert Prince Edward

THREE GENERATIONS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING  
From a Photograph by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street



LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL AFTER THE STATE SERVICE

The Lord Mayor of London, last week, with the Mayor and Corporation of Bath, attended service in Bath Cathedral in state. At the Guildhall afterwards an address of welcome was presented to the Lord Mayor by the Mayor of Bath. Sir J. Dimdale afterwards inspected some sights of the city, and was



UNVEILING A TABLET TO QUEEN CHARLOTTE

entertained at luncheon at the Guildhall. After luncheon the Lord Mayor proceeded to Sydney Place and unveiled a tablet on the house where Queen Charlotte stayed in 1817. Our photographs are by W. G. Lewis, Bath

THE VISIT OF THE LORD MAYOR TO BATH



A HYBRID ZEBRA  
Presented by the King



A NEW GIRAFFE



A GREY'S ZEBRA  
Presented by the King

### Notes at the Zoo

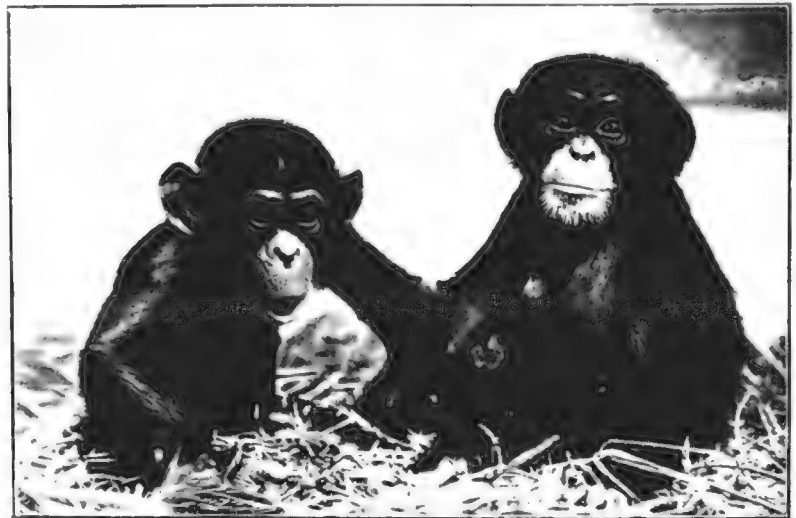
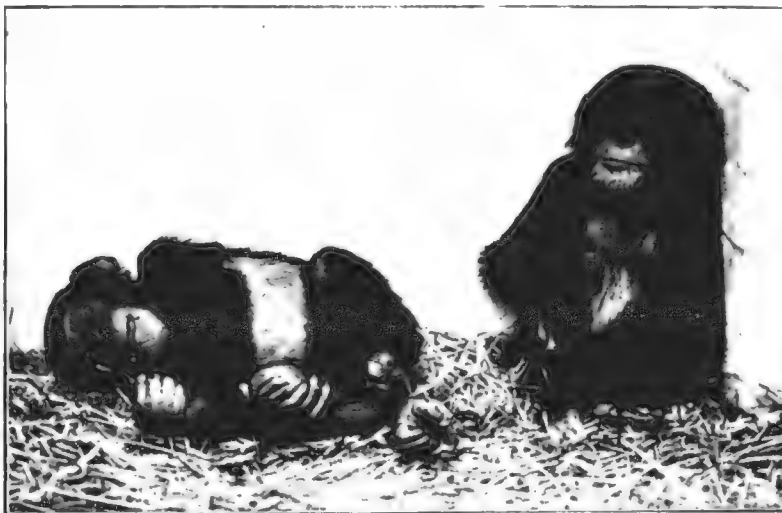
ONE of the most interesting of the animals whose portraits we reproduce is no longer an inmate of the Zoo. The proboscis monkey, who in the photograph is presenting to the spectators that aspect of himself which exhibits his distinguishing characteristic to the greatest advantage, died a few days ago. He was a retiring animal, of a rather shy and nervous disposition, and it is supposed that the expiring rigours of our English summer were too much for him. In the photograph the proboscis from which he takes his name is not a very conspicuous feature, and it was narrow with a tendency to jut forward. This was probably because the lamented monkey of the Zoological Gardens was still very young when he exchanged the wilds of Borneo for the confines of the Zoological Gardens; and his nose had not had time to develop. Had he and it survived, an opportunity would have been afforded to zoologists to correct the ordinary idea of the form of that appendage. For, by a rather

curious coincidence, Dr. Jentink, in the Notes of the Leyden Museum for July, published a photograph taken from a living adult male of this monkey, which shows that the nose, in place of being narrow and projecting straight forwards, is spatulate and bent downwards so as to conceal the mouth in a full-face view. It is to be feared that the opportunity for confirming this view will be denied to the Zoological Gardens now for some time; because the monkey is a very rare one, and the example of which we have just been bereft was the first of its kind ever brought alive to England. It has not on the whole been a good year for the naturalised aliens at the Zoo. The weather, which has kept many visitors away, has also kept the inmates largely indoors, and that is a good thing neither for beast nor man. By way of compensation some of the more popular animals at the Gardens have been removed to

residences of a kind which must be really gratifying to any beast with a sense of self-importance; and self-importance is an attribute which the tenants of the new Ape House, for instance, would be the last to deny. There are half a dozen apes there at present, each distinguished by rarity, appearance, or moral and intellectual qualities. "Mickie," the chimpanzee, who has long been an ornament to the Gardens, occupies the apartment nearest the door, and next to him are the two young and new chimpanzees and the orang-outang. "Mickie" is a born contortionist, and performs miracles with his arms and legs that would put to the blush an Indian yogi. The two new chimpanzees watch their venerable and distant relation with something of the air of the young man who questioned Father William in "Alice in Wonderland." "You are old, Father William, the young man said."

"And yet you incessantly stand on your head.  
Do you think at your age it is right?"

The orang-outang, who is in the same cage as the young chimpanzees, assumes a protective bearing towards them, rather as if he



THE YOUNG CHIMPANZEES POSE FOR THE PORTRAITS



ONE OF THE YOUNG CHIMPANZEES



THE PROBOSCIS MONKEY



THE ORANG-OUTANG

### NEW ANIMALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

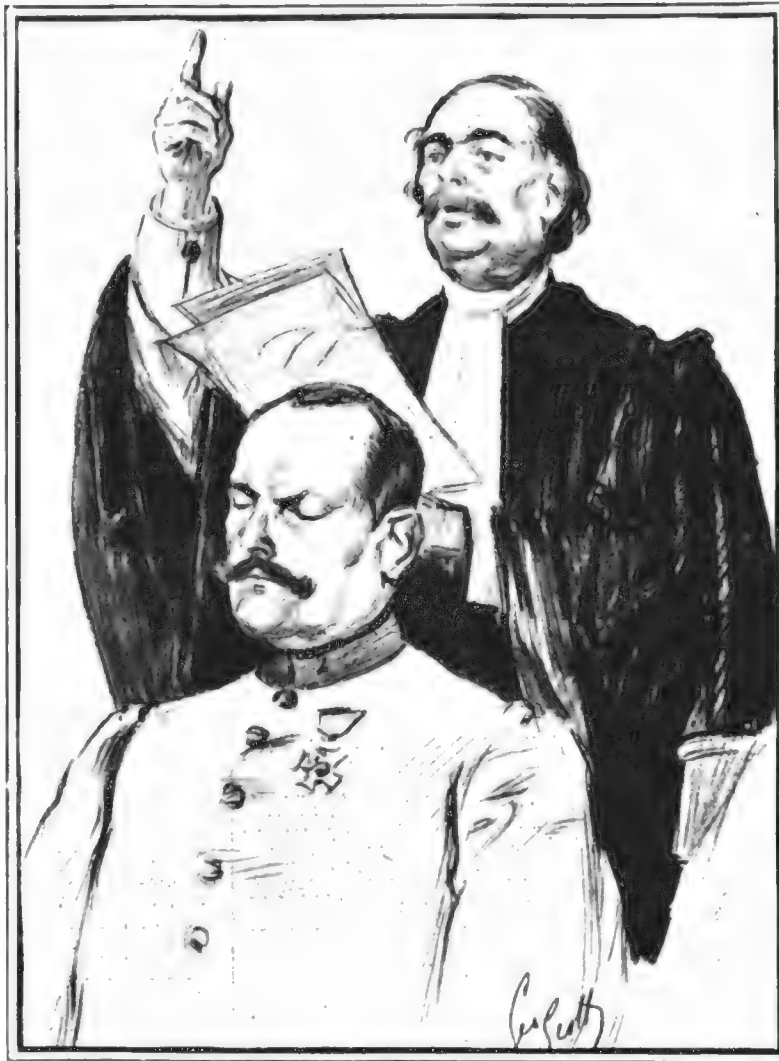
From Photographs by W. P. Dinlo





had taken them in as lodgers. There is not much that is contemplative about the Sumatran orang-outang. When in form his activity in the upper realms of the cage is of a kind to explain the mistake of that schoolboy who, in his Oxford local French paper, translated the *ouragan parmi les arbres* as the orang-outang among the trees. Similarly active are the other inmates of the new Ape House, the silvery gibbon, a rather beautiful creature in its way, and its brown brother, who, if less ornate, is no less wonderful a gymnast. Trapezes and flying ropes are given to both these animals, and they display an almost human self-consciousness when performing upon them. The chief feature of the new Ape House is a glass screen which runs the whole length of the building and enables the temperature of the four apartments to be kept at a temperature of about 80° F. It also serves to keep off draughts, and will, it is hoped, diminish the injurious effect of the fogs, which are so common in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Canal, on the health of the delicate anthropoid apes. Furthermore, the screen will prevent those gifts of orange peel, paper bags and concrete buns which many visitors seem to think the proper nutriment for animals which interest them, and will make it difficult for interest to manifest itself in the alternative form of stirring up the monkeys with umbrellas.

In another quarter of the Gardens the possessions of the Society have been greatly augmented by a pair of young giraffes from Kordofan. They were brought by Colonel Mahon, C.B., D.S.O., the gallant soldier who relieved Mafeking, and gave General Baden-Powell the opportunity to fight another day. In depositing these animals in England, Colonel Mahon has laid his country under a second debt of obligation. A pair of good giraffes is almost as rare as a Baden-Powell. No other Zoological Gardens in the world is so fortunate. They have single giraffes; but elsewhere than at Regent's Park the single giraffes languish for a mate. The female giraffe at the Zoo long did so; and successive attempts to provide her with a mate were most disappointing. One animal, brought at great expense, died on the threshold; another left the female giraffe a widow almost before she had learned that she must not bite him. It really seems at last, however, as if the Zoological Gardens would be able to keep what it has so long sought, for both giraffes are in the best of health and are putting on weight and inches with rapidity. The female is about two years old, the male eighteen months. They are very pretty animals, not to be judged by the acrobatic position which one of them is assuming in the photograph. That attitude is not an effort to pose, but is a matter of necessity.



COLONEL DE SAINT RÉMY AND HIS ADVOCATE AT THE COURT-MARTIAL  
THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION IN FRANCE

The giraffe cannot reach the ground to browse without straddling his front legs. For this reason he attempts to feed on the

neighbouring trees, of which it may truly be said that their bark is the worse for his bite. The two giraffes owe a great deal to Mr. Thomson, the Assistant Superintendent of the Gardens, who brought them to England. They came by rail from Cairo to Ismailia, and there were put on board ship in great boxes.

Other newcomers of importance are the pair of Grevy zebras presented by the Emperor Menelik to the King and now deposited by the King in the Gardens. They are a young mare, of about two to three years, and her foal, unhappily a filly. There are no fewer than four of these beautiful animals in England. The Duke of Bedford has one, and the Zoological Gardens has a full-grown specimen of about eight years, a most charming and gentle creature, which belonged to Queen Victoria. But all four are females, and the misfortune is felt as keenly as was the case with the giraffes. They came from Somaliland. Last of the newcomers is the hybrid between a zebra and a pony. He is an affectionate animal, of a dark brown colour, with the stripes showing about his ribs and on the upper part of his legs, and with one great stripe along his spine. He is as yet not permanently on public view, the recent bad weather having kept him to his stable.

### The Trial of Lieut.-Col. de Saint Rémy

A COURT-MARTIAL was held at Nantes on Lieutenant-Colonel de Saint Rémy, charged with insubordination in refusing to obey an order to assist the civil authorities in the closing of a conventual school. The Colonel refused to lead his squadron to Ploermel, in order to close a school and to expel by force the Sisters of Charity, who were beloved by the people there. In consequence of his refusal, he was arrested and imprisoned at Port Louis. The whole point of the question thus raised is to what extent the civil authorities have a right to requisition the services of the military. Naturally enough, officers are disgusted at being employed against helpless women. At the court-martial Colonel de Saint Rémy admitted his refusal, but declared that he had had to choose between the judgment of a court-martial and the judgment of God. In his behalf his counsel contended that he had not refused to obey a military order, but merely to comply with a civil requisition; and the court, finding him guilty of this offence, sentenced him to a day's imprisonment. Colonel de Saint Rémy was subsequently struck off the Army List.

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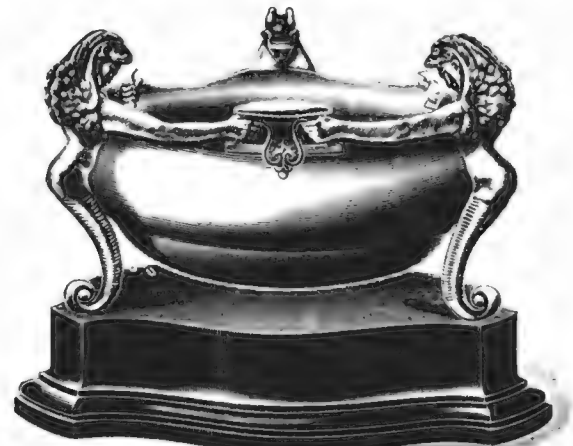
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## Our Bookshelf

### THE HIGH ANDES\*

WHEN Sir Martin Conway was turned back by the big crevasse on the last snow-slope of Sorata, he believed that he was nearly 24,000ft. above the sea, and the holder of the record for high altitudes. When he had corrected his barometrical observations he discovered his mistake. Sorata is not so high as Aconcagua, which is 23,100ft. according to Mr. Fitzgerald, and 23,392ft. according to the Argentine Government survey; and Aconcagua had been climbed. So Sir Martin Conway resolved that he, too, would climb that mighty giant of the Andes. The Fitzgerald party devoted several weeks to the thorough exploration of the mountain, though only two of them—Zurbriggen and Mr. Vines—had reached the summit. Sir Martin Conway decided not to study the mountain like a philosopher, but to "rush" it like a sportsman. Though the season was late the weather was favourable, and he succeeded. Mountain sickness troubled him, but he overcame it. He had two Swiss guides with him—Pelissier and Maquignaz—and he even converted a South American to an interest in adventure above the snow-line. Anacleto is this local climber's name; and though he was not warmly dressed enough to be taken quite to the top, he went most of the way, and formed a good resolution. "I know the way up Aconcagua," he said; "I alone of all the people hereabouts; and now I will set up as a guide and take people to the top. I, Anacleto Olavarria, Guide to Aconcagua." The whole story is told with humour as well as power in Sir Martin Conway's pages. He is the best of the Alpine writers that are left to us, and we read with real regret the announcement in the preface that he intends to climb no more. One naturally looks with interest to see whether Sir Martin Conway, having climbed so high, had anything to say upon the possibility of climbing higher, and reaching the tops of Everest and Kanchenjunga. There are no explicit anticipations, but

\* "Aconcagua and Tierra del Fuego." By Sir Martin Conway. (Cassell, 12s. 6d. net.)



LORD CURZON RECEIVING DEPUTATIONS BEFORE LEAVING OOTACAMUND  
THE Viceroy of India's Tour in Madras  
From a Photograph by Weir and Klein, Madras

the analysis of the sufferings of the party from mountain sickness discourages too sanguine views. The difficulty is, as is well known, not that the hardships increase at high altitudes, though it is a fact that they do so, but that, with the diminution in the supply of oxygen, the power of resistance to hardships diminishes also. Resistance to cold was Sir Martin Conway's great difficulty. "My hands," he writes, "were in constant agony; yet I was wearing the thickest gloves I have ever seen—a pair made of wolf fur not inappropriately lined with lamb's wool. . . . Such gloves are found quite warm enough for the coldest weather of the long Arctic night. Above 21,000 feet, with

ability other ways of beautifying the walls of private and public buildings such as by mosaic work, sculpture, plaster work, gesso, glazed bricks, wood carving, etc., etc. The volume, undoubtedly, will be of a great service to designers, decorators, and to those who can afford to spend large sums on the interior of their dwellings. In an ably written introduction the author eases his mind by airing a few grievances. As an instance, he does not consider that decoration holds the position it deserves among the "forms of artistic expression." In Mr. Baldry's opinion the decorator is "the worthiest and most completely qualified of all artists," because if he is proficient in his art he combines the knowledge

a temperature near zero Fahrenheit, they seemed absolutely incapable of protecting the hands against the biting frost." And this, he it remarked, was in fair weather, on a mountain which, except for its great height, presents no difficulties whatsoever. How will it be on any lofty peak which calls not merely for a long and patient grind, but requires active gymnastic exercise for its ascent? In spite of the high hopes of Zurbriggen and one or two others, it seems scarcely credible that such eminences will ever be attained unless it be in dirigible balloons. Sir Martin's book is eminently readable, though the reference in the title to Tierra del Fuego may appear to hold out higher hopes than are fulfilled. He only made a single and very unsuccessful attempt to climb Sarmiento, and he did not really see much more of the island than those see of the Isle of Thanet who run down to Margate and back on the *Royal Sovereign*. But he has written a good book, well illustrated from his own photographs.

### A BOOK ON DESIGN

A useful work on design which is handsomely produced and in which the subject is dealt with in great detail is "Modern Mural Decorations" (Newnes), by A. Lys. Baldry. Every process of mural decoration is carefully described, and an explanation of the methods of execution given. Thus in the first section we have fresco, water-glass, tempera, spirit-fresco, and decorations on canvas, and in further chapters the writer discusses with knowledge and

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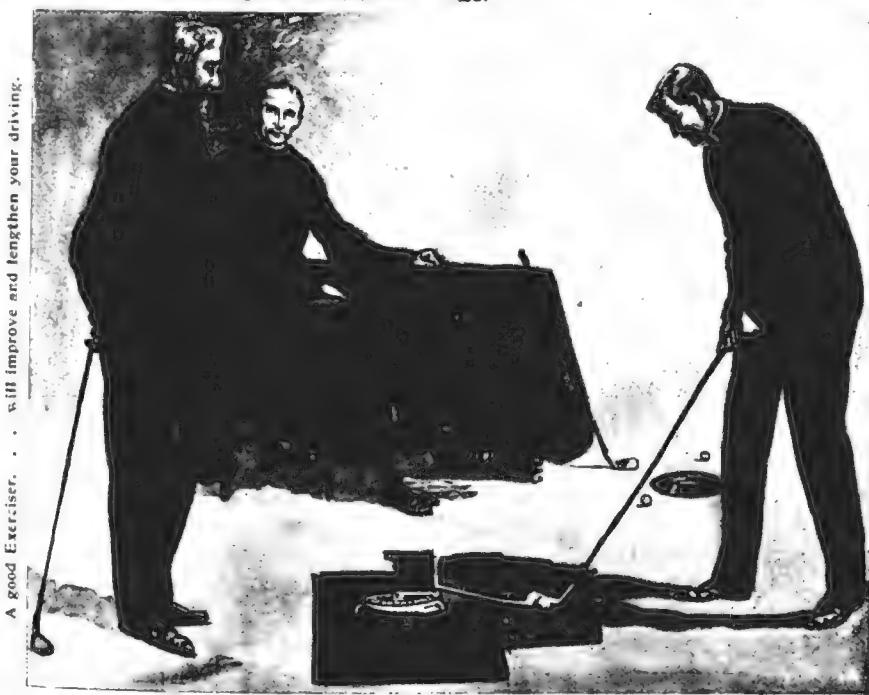
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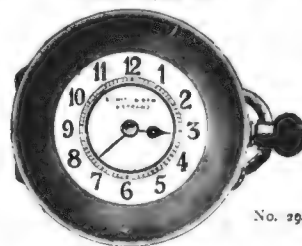
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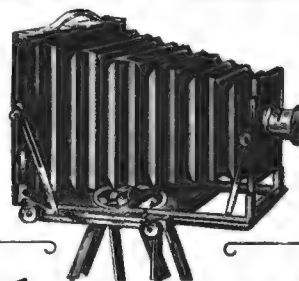
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#### "A BAYARD FROM BENGAL."

Had Mr. F. Anstey never done anything else, his creation—or shall we say discovery—of that luminary of young Bengal, Mr. Hurry Bung-doo Jabberjee, B.A. and barrister-at-law, would have earned him the gratitude of his generation. It was the happiest of thoughts to set the author of "Jottings and Tittlings" to work upon a novel; and his "Account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A., Cambridge" (Methuen and Co.), goes almost better when read at a sitting than when taken bit by bit in the pages of *Punch*, where it originally appeared. One appreciates better the splendid derring of the plot, in addition to the luxuriant elegance of the style. We will not go so far as to say that no other living novelist of note has surpassed, even in point of mere probability, such incidents as the duel between that "Demon of Pythoness" among friends, Mr. Bhosh and Lord Jack Jolly; or the former's wild ride to Epsom just in time to win the blue ribbon of the tert on a mare from a milk cart, and the hand of Princess Petunia, the beautiful heiress of Merchant-Prince Jones. We can quite easily call to mind passages in desperately serious fiction quite as likely, if not quite so amusing. The wicked Duchess Dickinson herself is not alone in her glory—not even when she fails to induce a single "welscher" to take her odds of "a million to a monkey" on Mr. Bhosh's mare. But where, even in the choicest selection from Examination papers, shall we find a style comparable to Mr. Jabberjee's—so complete a rendering of stupidity, vanity, misunderstood "literary" cram, and genius for muddle, as the comparison of his hero, at a certain crisis, to "Imperial Caesar when he found himself compelled to climb up a rubicon after having burnt his boots." The same author's "Introduction and Notes" to the appended "Parables of Pilgosh" are even better than the "Parables" themselves. Mr. Anstey has unquestionably added to the gaiety of at least one nation that badly needs all it can get in that way—a service in which Mr. Bernard Partridge's pencil takes an ample and evidently sympathetic share.

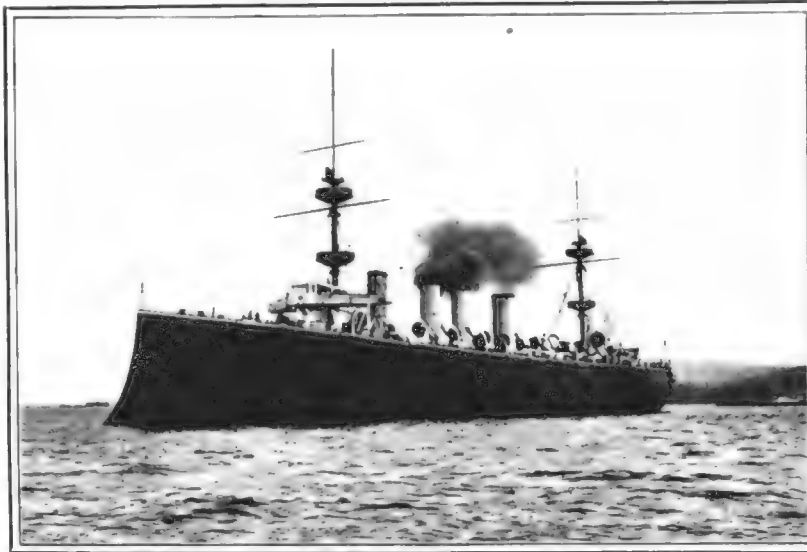
#### "THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA"

The notion of an Armada treasure-ship, waiting for discovery at any convenient point of the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, has struck Mr. Bram Stoker—as indeed it has struck others before him—as just the subject for a story into which all sorts of interest can be freely poured. There are certainly few sorts lacking in "The Mystery of the Sea" (William Heinemann). Passionate love, the romance of buried gold, the wonders of second-sight, the diabolical plots that gather round a beautiful millionairess from Chicago; even the adaptation of the Baconian cipher (elaborately explained and developed in an appendix) to the needs of the plot—all these combine in an exciting blend of Elizabethan tradition, of Celtic legend, and of conditions as up-to-date as the most modern-minded

reader can desire. Mr. Stoker makes no attempt to emulate the weird wildness of his fantastic *Dracula*—which, indeed, would have been difficult even for his imaginative courage to achieve. Nor has he made any special point of portraiture, as in his vampire story. In short, he has relied altogether upon incident; but to such good purpose that not much, if anything, is left from the wreck of the Armada in the way of romantic adventure for the benefit of any future explorer—at any rate in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen.

#### "BEYOND THE LAW"

Miss Gertrude Warden is not the first to have been struck by the



The first-class cruiser *Terrible* was commissioned at Portsmouth on March 24, 1898, by Captain C. G. Robinson, who was succeeded in September, 1899, by Captain Percy Scott. At that time she left for China, by way of the Cape. On arrival at Cape Town, the cruiser was detained, in consequence of the war. The *Terrible* landed her guns on mountings invented by Captain Scott, and got them to Ladysmith just in time. A naval brigade from the *Terrible* also served with Sir Redvers Buller, with great credit, in the Natal campaign. After these services, the *Terrible* sailed for China, and there again she landed her guns, and took part in the expedition for the relief of the legations in Peking. The *Terrible* has had its share of fighting in its four and a half years' commission, and the men deserve the thorough welcome accorded to them. Our photograph is by Macfure, Macdonald and Co., Glasgow.

#### H.M.S. "TERRIBLE," WHICH HAS JUST RETURNED HOME

power for mischief with which scientific progress will arm unscrupulous hands. After all, there is no certainty that human benevolence will develop *pari passu* with human resources. None the less, it may be hoped that two such cold-blooded fiends as the villain and the villainess of "Beyond the Law" (Ward, Lock and Co.) will continue to be at least as rare under any new conditions as under the old. These two, Mr. Leo Deering and a fascinating adventuress known as "Nurse Sunny," are partners in a secret lethal chamber somewhere Chiswick way, for the convenience of wealthy suicides, or of persons who find it inconvenient to commit their murders in the usual way. The construction of the chamber is so carefully and

lucidly described that almost anybody may enter upon the business; all he requires is a suitable house, some carbonate of calcium, and some hydrochloric acid. It seems rather a disadvantage than otherwise to have the assistance of a deformed idiot and a legless man who goes about on wheels; they are likely to attract attention. At the very fewest, five-and-twenty persons were profitably disposed of before "Nurse Sunny" herself was shut up by the idiot into the fatal chamber, and Mr. Deering blown up while inserting an explosive in a plaster cast in order to destroy a good young sculptor who has come between him and a million pounds. We need only add that the male partner in the firm was as fond of cats and dogs as Count Fosco of canaries in order to complete the *menu* of the feast provided by Miss Gertrude Warden in her best and most piquant style.

#### "THE TWICKENHAM PEERAGE"

There is material for two or three farces in the farrago of extravagance that Mr. Richard Marsh entitles "The Twickenham Peerage" (Methuen and Co.). A pair of indistinguishable doubles, though, of course, rather old business in itself, has never been introduced with quite such thoroughgoing improbability; while the identity—whether real or supposed—of a missing Earl with a "sleeping-man" exhibiting at the Royal Aquarium has, in addition to equal improbability, the merit of novelty besides. The faculty of temporarily dying at will, familiar enough to the curious in such matters, is accompanied by a really useful and practical suggestion for any who may attempt its exercise so as to avoid the chief risk—namely, the burial of the body during the absence of the soul. However, we must not allow our description of Mr. Marsh's story to become a clue to its mystifications. For, extravagance—with or without intention—as it all is, it will certainly compel anybody who takes it up to read it through.

#### "THE DIARY OF A GOOSE GIRL"

The humours of the poultry-yard have not been reserved for Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin to discover. She is not altogether a Columbus among the eggs—and their layers. But her "Diary of a Goose Girl," profusely illustrated by Claude A. Shepperson, shows her to be an appreciative student of the "Hens, Ducks and Geese" to whom it is "gratefully inscribed;" and her genius for being both amused and amusing is as pronounced as when she is dealing with bipeds of a different order. Her diarist is a young woman who, by way of a freak or frolic, plays hide-and-seek with her friends and her lover by taking up her abode in a remote Sussex poultry-farm and throwing herself with contagious zest into its works and ways. The volume is not to be classed with *Anecdotes of Animals*. It deals with an every-day world, and as such is to be earnestly recommended to all whose personal associations with its subject are limited to bread sauce, sage, onions, and green peas.

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*President*, whose guns were among the last to be trained by Americans on the flag of England. For nearly a century this trophy of the final armed conflict between the two countries has rested in English waters. Few are the Americans who know that one of the most renowned fighting ships of the early days of the Republic—a sister-ship of the beloved *Constitution*, of which Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the stirring lines,

“Tear her tattered ensign down,  
Long has it waved in gale or storm,”

lies, unhonoured and forgotten, in a London dock. Just a century ago this winter the *President*, newly launched from a New York shipyard, was in the Mediterranean as the American Navy's first flagship on the European Station. The contrast between her and the present American flagship, the steel-clad *Illinois*, is as great as that between the young Republic of those days and the mighty America of the present century.

Little does the *President* look like a fighting ship to-day as she lies in the West India Docks, denuded of masts and spars and carrying a house on her deck. But in the early years of the past century, when England was embroiled in the Napoleonic conflict, and had little desire for a dispute with the States, the fleet-footed Yankee frigate circled the British Isles, challenging every craft that flew the British flag. Such a scourge was she to British shipping that the Admiralty issued a special circular to the Navy that the *President* must be captured at all hazards.

How America's first European flagship came to fly Britain's flag is a story of Anglo-Saxon courage and daring. It was on the night of January 14, 1815, that the *President*, having just returned from “fearful the lion in his den,” was chased into Long Island Sound, near New York harbour, by a British fleet. In command of her was the adventurous Decatur, whose capture and burning of the *Philadelphia* in the harbour of Tripoli in 1804 Nelson pronounced the “most daring act of the age.” At daybreak on the fifteenth, the *President*, having grounded and strained herself during the night, was again under sail. Decatur then discovered



THE STERN OF THE "PRESIDENT"

that four of the enemy's ships were in pursuit, one on each quarter and two astern. At noon the breeze fell. The Yankee frigate was almost waterlogged.

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which Decatur replied with his stern battery. This running fight continued for two hours, and the *Endymion* was so disabled that she avoided Decatur's efforts to come to close quarters. For hours the two ships sailed side by side, firing occasional guns. But towards midnight, two fresh English ships, the *Pomone* and the *Tenidos*, crawled up and opened fire on the *President* at close range. Decatur was compelled to strike his colours. His loss was twenty-four killed and fifty-five wounded.

The loss of the *President* was investigated by a court-martial, but Decatur was exonerated of blame. "In this unequal contest the enemy gained a ship, but the victory was ours," the Court found. "We fear we cannot express in a manner that will do justice to our feelings our admiration of the conduct of Commodore Decatur and all under his command." President Roosevelt, however, in his history of the war, expresses his opinion, that Decatur "acted rather tamely, certainly not heroically, in striking to the *Pomone*."

The *President* was sent to Bermuda, and from there she was brought to England by the *Endymion*, whose Captain was rewarded by the King. For thirty-five years the *President* lay at Portsmouth, where she was the model for several British frigates. Later she was at Chatham, and some time in the sixties she became a drill ship at the West India Docks. There she has rested for forty years, and on her ancient gun-deck, where once American sailors gave their lives for their flag, British bluejackets are now instructed in the art of modern naval warfare. One mark only does she bear of her American origin—the figurehead of John Adams, the second President of the Republic, on her prow. Our photographs are by Robert Lee Dunn.

FRANK H. FAYANT.

## Rural Notes

### THE SEASON

THE alternative of wet and sunny days, of a genial and of a bracing temperature, would not be out of place in April or even in May, and the air has been for the most part healthy, pleasant and invigorating, without sharpness or danger to the delicate. But this sort of weather, when at least a third of the corn and two-thirds of the hops and fruit are still unsecured, is most trying to the farmer and injurious to the ripe produce. The want of settled weather during the first half of September in a backward year entails a national loss expressible in millions sterling, while "spring weather in autumn" may do no harm at all if the harvests have been early. In fact it may give the catch crops a healthy start and help to plump out the roots. At present the difficulties of the farmers are to get the crops in. Those of storing and stacking will, we fear, be considerable later on, if heat in the stack and mould in the granary are to be prevented. Potatoes show a rapid spread of disease, and will not now be within twenty per cent. of a full crop after the diseased tubers have been eliminated. The root crops will make an excellent show in October and November, but would now benefit in nutritive value by a concluding fortnight of sunshine.

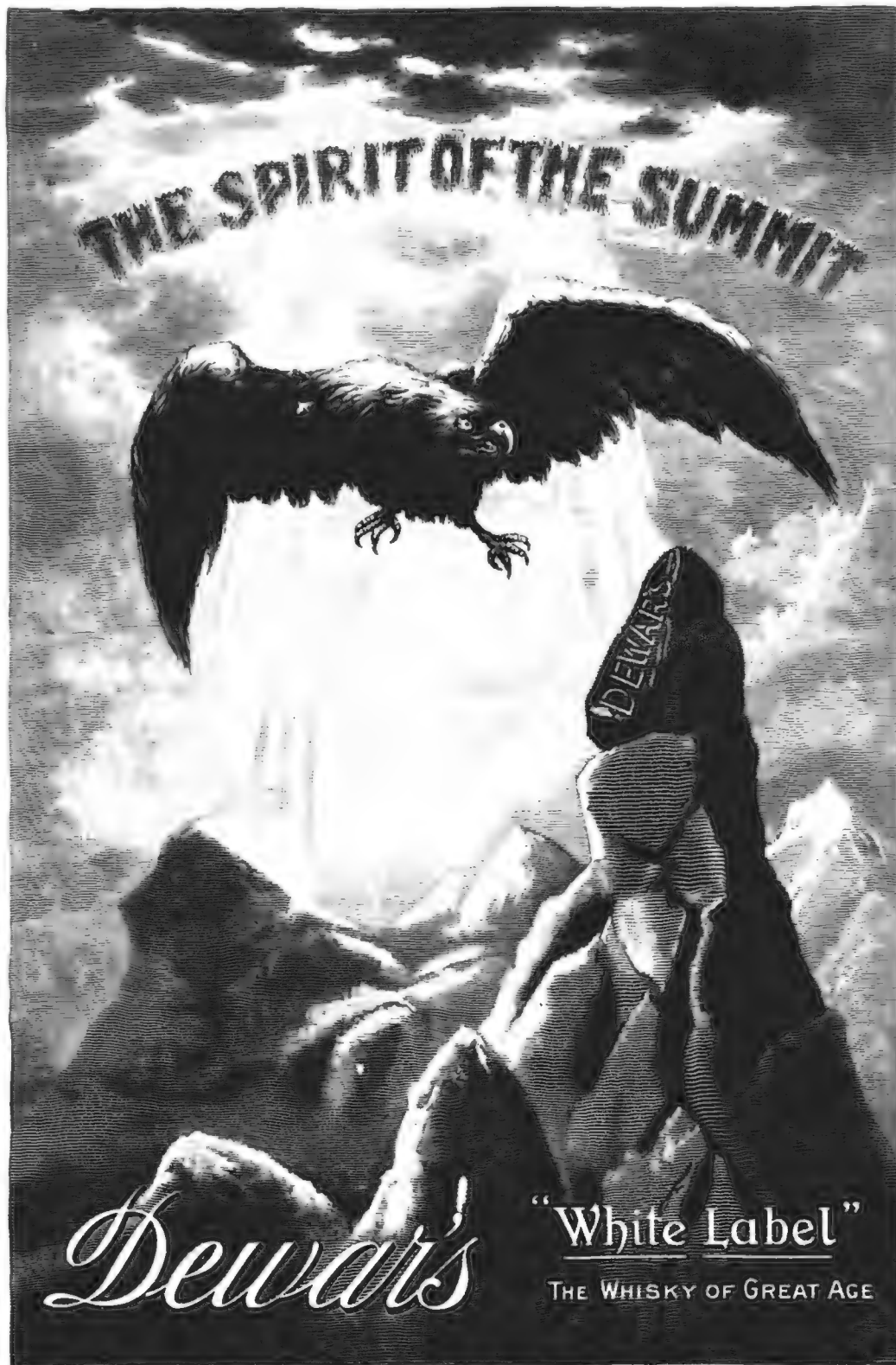
### FARMERS AND REMOUNTS

There is no doubt that the farmers of the United Kingdom could supply the Government not only with all the horses needed for the cavalry, the artillery and the officers of the line, but could also keep up a sufficient supply of remounts and emergency horses for war time. Will not the Board of Agriculture move the War Office

to make a systematic proposal which the Board could then submit to the farmers' societies and Chambers of Agriculture throughout the Kingdom? The matter on this basis could probably be arranged, as each Farmers' Society and each local Chamber knows exactly which of its members breed horses of a type suitable for Government purposes. The chief farmers' societies have funds varying from five hundred to four thousand a year devoted to prizes for animals exhibited at their annual shows. If the Government were to establish fixed Army types of horses, the farmers' societies would almost certainly award money prizes for such types.

### THE LANCASHIRE SHOW

The great show just held at Preston constitutes a record, there being 3,376 entries against a previous maximum of 3,093. This, however, is within the real mark as an indication of progress, for the 3,093 previously attained was that of the Liverpool show of 1899, when the County Society visited the largest city of the district and made an extraordinary effort to do justice to the occasion. Preston, though populous and prosperous, is not even the second city of Lancashire, and the subscription of 2,175*l.* from that place represented a more patriotic effort than the larger sums of Liverpool and Manchester. It is, in fact, a splendid contribution when the moderate size of the contributing town is borne in mind. The cattle at this great show were a fine display. Shorthorns, as usual in Lancashire, were the chief feature. The shire horses were a magnificent parade, but the hunters were disappointing. The sheep were good, especially the Shropshires and the Wensleydales. The working dairy was very popular, the sheep-dog trials most interesting. Great amusement was created by the fact that Lord Derby, as president of the society, had to welcome the Mayor of Preston. The Mayor of Preston this year is Lord Derby.



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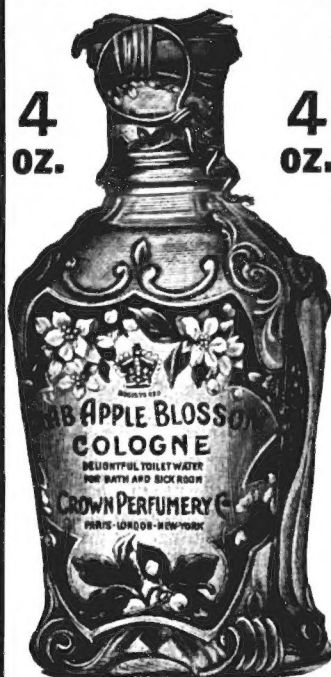
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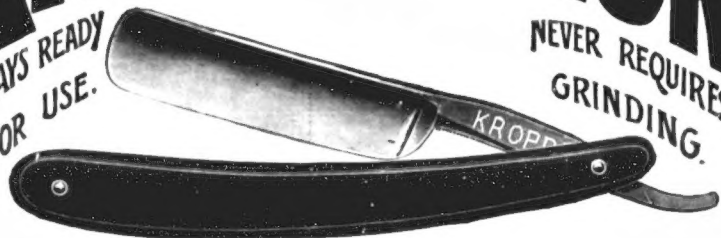
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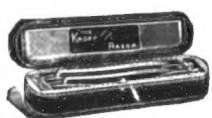
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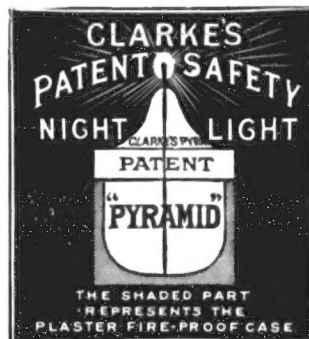
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